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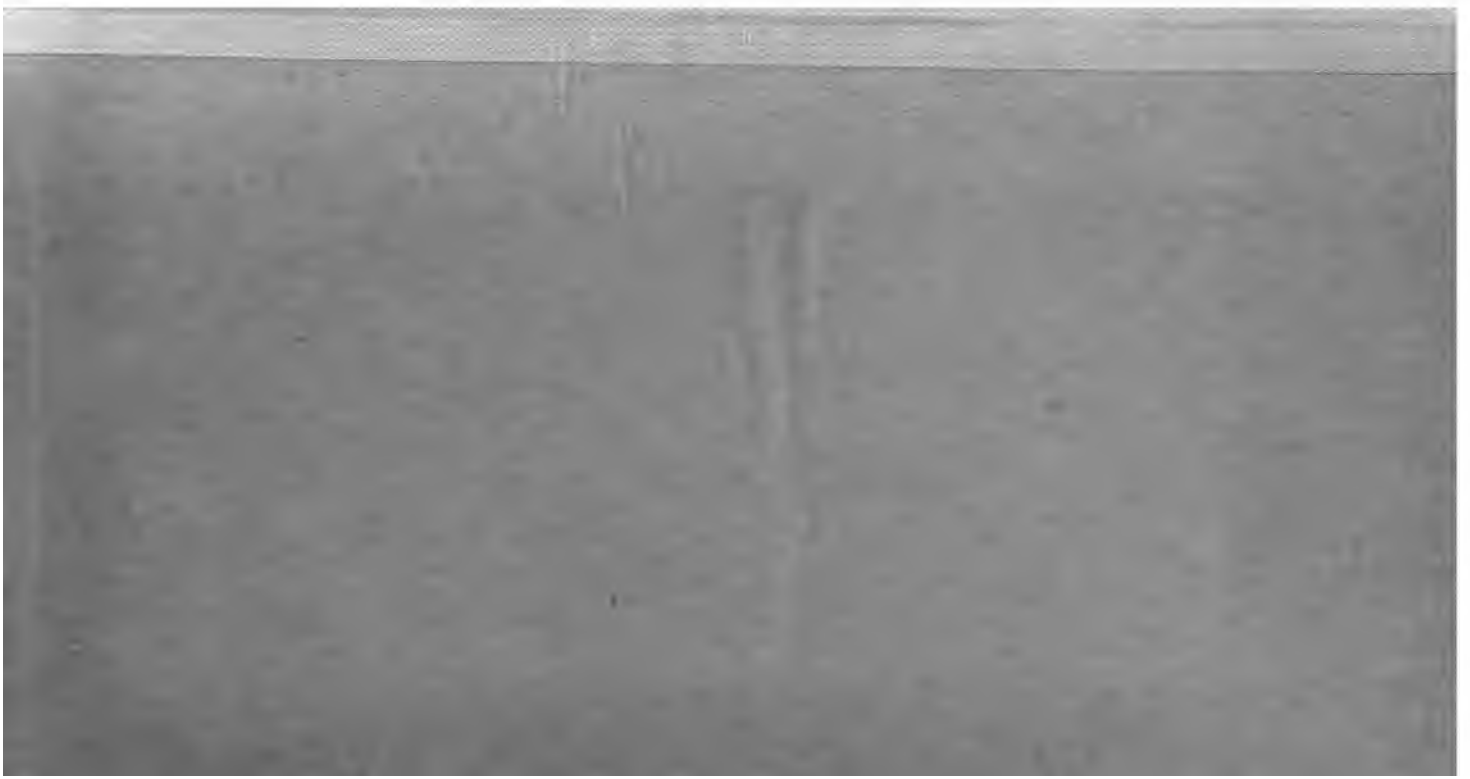

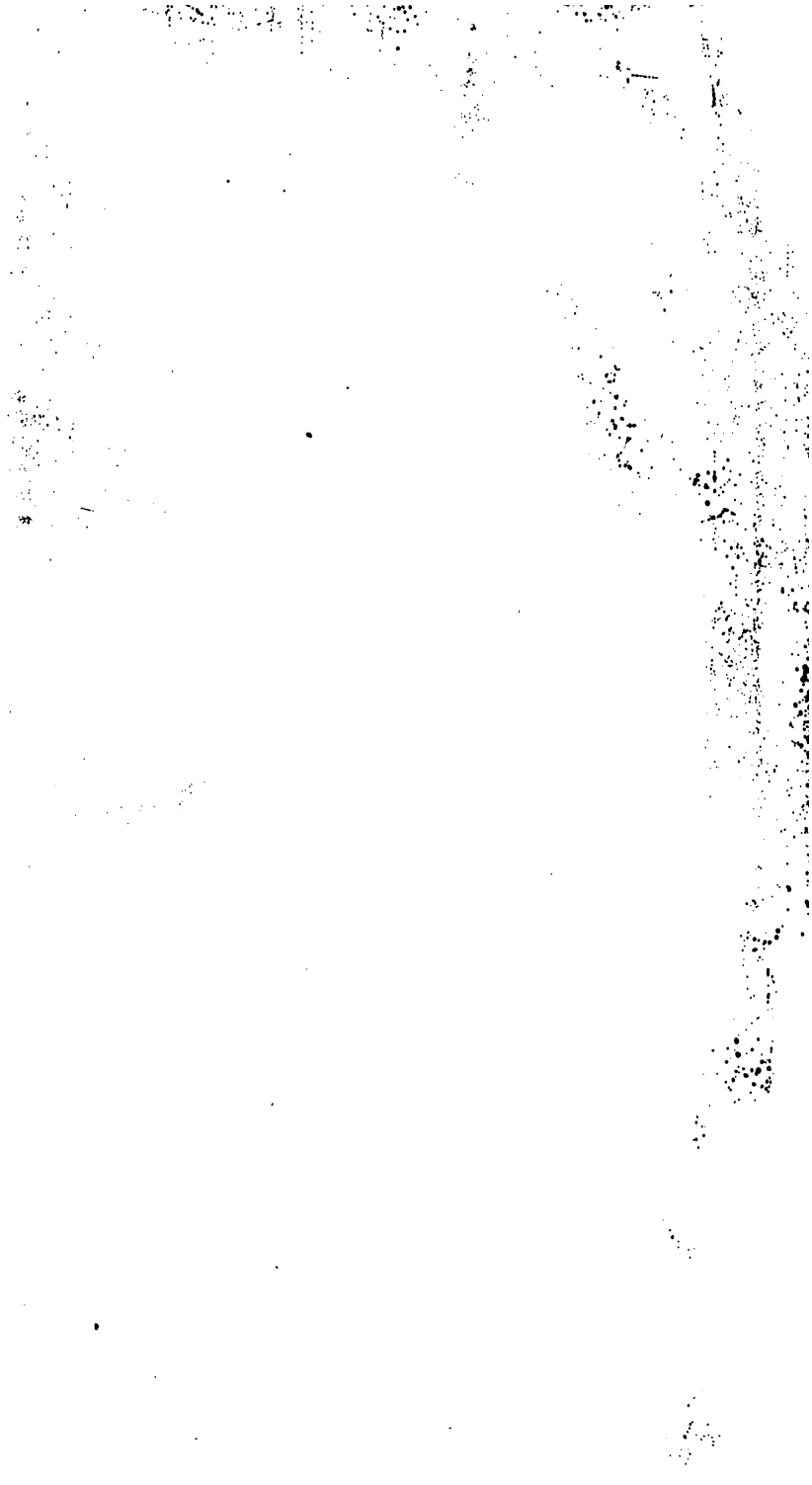

LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER CLXIII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Auguſt the 12th, 1714.

OUR juſtices ſit ſeveral hours every day, without affording us the leaſt news. I don't hear any thing they have done worth mentioning, except ſome orders they have given about the diſpute in the city of *Dublin*. You may be ſure they are not ſuch as will pleaſe our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning thoſe proceedings in our own people. My lord *Darby* is made lord lieutenant of *Lancaſhire*. That and *Hampſhire* are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I ſuppoſe, under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the whigs had directed the liſt of regents, *Marlborough*,

Sunderland and *Wharton* had not been left out. There are five tories too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimſical for three or four days about the ſucceſſion, they ſeemed to recant, and own themſelves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the addreſs at the end of the laſt ſeſſion, that it was ſafe, honourable and advantageous. Conſidering what miniſters were employed here by the court of *Hanover*, and that the king himſelf had little information but what he received from them, I think his liſt ſhews no ill diſpoſition to the tories: and they ſay he is not apt to be haſty in removing the perſons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil liſt. One *Wikes*, of *Northampton*, moved to tack the place-bill to it; but nobody ſeconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a tory.

Did you receive your papers laſt poſt? The firſt copy is not yet left at *St. Dunſtan*'s. Should I ſend to *Barber* for it in lord *Bolingbroke*'s name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as ſoon as he comes

comes I will pay him. I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee him to-morrow. I wiſh you a good journey to *Ireland*. But if I hear *Saturday*'s poſt comes into *Wantage* on *Sunday*, I may trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in *Ireland*, that I may write to you, if any thing happens worth while. I ſhall be very impatient for what you promiſe me from thence. I ſhould be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

Lord *Angleſey* came to town laſt *Tueſday*. They are all here now, except *Pembroke* and *Strafford*. *Charles Eversfield* is making his court to the dukes of *Somerſet* and *Argyle*: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not ſtir for *Campion*'s election in the county of *Suſſex*. *Campion* and he have had ſome high words upon that account. Lord *Orford* told the commiſſioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's ſervice.

LETTER CLXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Auguſt 12, 1714.

I THANK you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. My dear miſtreſs's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed ſuch certain limits, but of that ſmall number a great deal was cut off by the laſt troubleſome ſcene of this contention among her ſervants. I believe ſleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her; only it ſurprized her too ſuddenly before ſhe had ſigned her will; which no doubt her being involved in ſo much buſineſs hindered her from finiſhing. It is unfortunate, that ſhe had been perſuaded, as is ſuppoſed by *Lowndes*, that it was neceſſary to have it under the great ſeal. I have figured to myſelf all this melancholy ſcene; and even, if it be poſſible, worſe than it has happened twenty times; ſo that I was prepared for it. My caſe is not half ſo deplorable as poor lady *Maſham*'s, and ſeveral of the queen's ſervants; ſome of whom have no

chance for their bread but the generoſity of his preſent majeſty, which ſeveral people, that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed of the ſettlement has proved true, that it was firm: that it was in ſome meaſure an advantage to the ſucceſſor not to have been here, and ſo obliged to declare himſelf in ſeveral things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed never any prince in this reſpect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can aſſure you the peaceable ſcene, that now appears, is a diſappointment to more than one ſett of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philoſophically to conſider that treaſure of vileneſs and baſeneſs, that I always believed to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their inſolence and baſeneſs: every new inſtance, inſtead of ſurprizing and grieving me, as it does ſome of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own caſe, except from one man. And he was very far miſtaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my

proud ſpirit. Dear friend, the laſt ſentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am ſure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impoſſible) another, whoſe converſation I can delight ſo much in as Dr. *Swift*'s; and yet that is the ſmalleſt thing I ought to value you for. That hearty ſincere friendſhip, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am ſure I never can find in another man. I ſhall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obſtinate, but come up for a little time to *London*; and if you muſt needs go, we may concert a manner of correſpondence whereever we are. I have a letter from *Gay* juſt before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princeſs, that aſked for one?

LETTER CLXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

Auguſt 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter laſt poſt, and, before you can ſend me another, I ſhall ſet out for *Ireland*. I muſt go and take the oaths, and the ſooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I ſhall ſee you very ſeldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. Theſe are rigorous laws, that muſt be paſſed through; but it is probable, we may meet in *London* next winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that ſeldom cares to humour our inclinations. I ſay all this out of the perfect eſteem and friendſhip I have for you. Theſe public misfortunes have altered all my meaſures, and broke my ſpirits. God Almighty bleſs you. I ſhall. I hope to be on horſeback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not anſwer your queſtions for a million, nor can I think of them with any eaſe of mind. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt the 14th, 1714 *.

I SUPPOSE you expect news upon *Craggs*'s return from *Hanover*; but I don't hear a word more than what you have in the lords juſtices ſpeech. Yeſterday morning after he came, the whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleaſed; tho' I do not know any reaſon for either, unleſs it was expected by both ſides, that he would have brought orders for alterations. It ſeems the *dragon*'s entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between lord *Harley* and lord *Pelham*; and only thoſe, who were concerned in their affairs, were invited. But ſlighter grounds would have ſerved to raiſe a ſtory at this time; and it was ſufficient, that my lord *Townſhend* and lord *Cowper* dined at his houſe. However, we look upon him as loſt to our ſide; and he has certainly

* 'On the back of this letter is the following note of the dean. "Memorandum, I left *Ledcomb*, *Auguſt* 16, "1714, in order to go to *Ireland*."

made

made advances of civility to the whigs, which they have returned with the utmoſt contempt. I am told *Diſmal* * begins to declare for his old friends, and proteſts he was really afraid for the proteſtant ſucceſſion, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the expreſs words of the act of ſucceſſion; and it appears it was the intention of the legiſlature at that time, for prince *George* of *Denmark* was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwiſe when it comes to be tried. They don't loſe the other privileges of peerage, and their poſterity born here may ſit in the houſe. The ſame clauſe extends to the houſe of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all whigs; but I doubt poor *Duke Diſney* will loſe his regiment. I ſuppoſe *Barber* has given you an account of lord *B*——'s pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an eclairciſſement upon it, ſhall I ſend to him for it? I long for the other. Yeſterday the commons voted *nemine con.* to pay the *Ha-*

* The earl of *Nottingham.*

nover

nover troops, that deſerted us in 1712. To-day Sir *William Wyndham*, *Campion*, and two or three more, gave ſome oppoſition to it; for which they are extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had ſpoke againſt it yeſterday; but it ſeems they were not then in the houſe. They had not ſtrength enough to-day to come to a diviſion.

Once more I wiſh you a good journey and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

LETTER CLXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. ARBUTHNOTT, or the DEAN of St. *Patrick*'s.

Hanover, Auguſt the 16th, 1714.

YOU remember, I ſuppoſe, that I was to write you abundance of letters from *Hanover*; but as one of the moſt diſtinguiſhing qualities of a politician is ſecrecy, you muſt not expect from me any arcanas of ſtate. There is another thing, that is neceſſary to eſtabliſh the character of a politician; which is, to ſeem always to be full of affairs of ſtate; to know the conſultations of the cabinet council, when at the ſame time

time all his politics are collected from news-papers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more, that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without, than an artizan without his terms; I mean, the terms of his art. I call it an art or science, because I think the king of *France* hath established an academy to instruct the young *Machiavillians* of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the stile of Sir *John Falstaff*) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treaties, *&c.* And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous, as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included) I thought fit to extract them

in

in the ſame manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author hath compiled his learned treatiſe of the law, called the Doctor and Student. I have not made any great progreſs in this piece; but, however, I will juſt give you a ſpecimen of it, which will make you in the ſame manner a judge of the deſign and nature of this treatiſe.

Politician. What are the neceſſary tools for a prince to work with?

Student. Miniſters of ſtate.

Politician. What are the two great qualities of a miniſter of ſtate?

Student. Secrecy and diſpatch.

Politician. Into how many parts are the miniſters of ſtate divided?

Student. Into two. Firſt, miniſters of ſtate at home; ſecondly, miniſters of ſtate abroad, who are called foreign miniſters.

Politician. Very right. Now as I deſign you for the latter of theſe employments, I ſhall wave ſaying any thing of the firſt of theſe. What are the different degrees of foreign miniſters?

Stu-

Student. The different degrees of foreign miniſters are as follow. Firſt, Plenipotentiaries. Second, Embaſſadors extraordinary. Third, Embaſſadors in ordinary. Fourth, Envoys extraordinary. Fifth, Envoys in ordinary. Sixth, Reſidents. Seventh, Conſuls. And Eighth, Secretaries.

Politician. How is a foreign miniſter to be known?

Student. By his credentials.

Politician. When are a foreign miniſter's credentials to be delivered?

Student. Upon his firſt admiſſion into the preſence of the prince, to whom he is ſent, otherwiſe called his firſt audience.

Politician. How many kind of audiences are there?

Student. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Politician. What ſhould a foreign miniſter's behaviour be when he has firſt audience?

Student. He ſhould bow profoundly, ſpeak deliberately, and wear both ſides of his long periwig before.

By theſe few queſtions and anſwers you may be able to make ſome judgment of the uſefulneſs of this politic treatiſe. *Wicquefort*, it is true, can never be ſufficiently admired for his elaborate treatiſe of the conduct of an embaſſador in all his negotiations: but I deſign this only as a compendium, or the embaſſador's manuel, or *vade mecum*.

I have wrote ſo far of this letter, and do not know who to ſend it to; but I have now determined to ſend it, either to Dr. *Arbuthnott*, or the dean of St. *Patrick*'s, or to both. My lord *Clarendon* is very much approved of at court; and I believe is not diſſatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diverſions: what we did yeſterday and to-day we ſhall do to-morrow; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at *Herenhauſen*. If I write any more, my letter will be juſt like my diverſions, the ſame thing over and over again. So, Sirs, your moſt obliged, humble ſervant, J. GAY.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all erratas.

LET-

LETTER CLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, October 19th, 1714.

EVEN in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated ſome of the ſpleen, which you had, when you wrote it, and made me forfeit ſome of my reputation of chearfulneſs and temper under affliction. However, I have ſo many ſubjects amongſt my friends and fellow-ſervants to be grieved for, that I can eaſily turn it off myſelf with credit. The queen's poor ſervants are like ſo many poor orphans expoſed in the very ſtreets. And thoſe, whoſe paſt obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have repreſented their caſe, paſs by them like ſo many abandoned creatures, without the poſſibility of ever being able to make the leaſt return for a favour, which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wiſh I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate ſenſe you are pleaſed to expreſs it, but were perſonally preſent

preſent with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make ſome minutes pleaſant. I dine with my lord and lady *Maſham* to-day, where we will, as uſually, remember you.

You have read ere this time the *hiſtory of the White Staff* *, which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himſelf, to bring down vengeance; and I have told ſome of his neareſt friends ſo. All the *dragon* can ſay will not give him one ſingle friend amongſt the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will ſay is a ſtrange thing. The very great perſon of all † can hardly ſpeak of him with patience. The *Conde* acts like a man of ſpirit, makes up to the k—— and talks to him, and would have acted with more ſenſe than any of them, could he have

* 'A pamphlet written by Mr. *Daniel de Foe*, and publiſhed in 1714, in 8vo, in two parts, under the title of *The ſecret hiſtory of the White Staff; being an account of affairs under the conduct of ſome late miniſters, and of what might probably have happened, if her majeſty had not died.* Soon after the publication of it came out in 8vo, *A detection of the ſophiſtry and falſities of the pamphlet, entitled,* The ſecret hiſtory of the White Staff, *containing an enquiry into the* Staff's *conduct in the late management, particularly with reſpect to the proteſtant ſucceſſion.*'

† 'Probably king *George* I.'

had

had any body to have acted along with him: *nos numerus ſumus*, &c. The man you ſpeak of is juſt as you deſcribe, ſo I beg pardon. *Shadwell* ſays, he will have my place at *Chelſea*. *Garth* told me, his merit was giving intelligence about his miſtreſs's health. I deſired he would do me the favour to ſay, that I valued myſelf upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to ſee the day, when his majeſty would value me the more for it too. I have not ſeen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philoſopher *Berkeley* has now the idea * of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a ſtrange fever upon him ſo ſtrong, that it was very hard to deſtroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor *Gay* is much where he was, only out of the † ducheſs's family and ſervice. He has ſome confidence in the princeſs and counteſs of *Picbourgh*;

* This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things ſuppoſed to depend upon a material world ſubſiſt only in idea.

† The ducheſs of *Monmouth*.

I wiſh it may be ſignificant to him. I adviſed him to make a poem upon the princeſs before ſhe came over, deſcribing her to the *Engliſh* ladies; for it ſeems the princeſs does not diſlike that. She is really a perſon, that I believe will give great content to every body. But *Gay* was in ſuch a groveling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muſe would not ſtoop to viſit him. I can ſay no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu!

LETTER CLXIX.

Another letter from the ſame, written on the ſame paper.

I THANK you kindly for your's, with the incloſed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to the *hiſtory of the white ſtaff*; but that there really is no anſwer to it, more than a thing, that riſes juſt out of what is ſaid in the hiſtory. None wrote on purpoſe by any one, that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he ſays; or indeed wrote by concert of the perſons, that are attacked. And I reckon I

any

any other is not worth your while to read. The *dragon* denies it; but as I told the governor, it is neceſſary for him to do that in a very ſolemn and ſtrong manner; elſe there will be a ripping anſwer, as you ſay. All things go on at the uſual rate. I am at an uncertainty ſtill as to my little office. I leave them to do juſt as they pleaſe. *George Fielding* and brigadier *Brittain* are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not ſeem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the ſtole is ſtill uncertain, lying betwixt two, that you know. I am told, that the great perſon of all has ſpoke more contemptibly of the *dragon* than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at laſt? The princeſs gives great content to every body. I will add no more, being to write on the other ſide to the dean; which pray forward.

LETTER CLXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Sir ARTHUR LANGFORD.

SIR, Trim, October 30th, 1714.

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your ſervant, that you are not

to be ſeen till towards evening, which, at the diſtance I am at this time of the year, cannot eaſily be compaſſed. My principal buſineſs was to let you know, that ſince my laſt return from *England* many perſons have complained to me, that I ſuffered a conventicle to be kept in my pariſh, and in a place, where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew *Rowley* in *Dublin*, when he came to me with this meſſage from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honeſt gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way, and I hope you will remember at the ſame time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote or encourage, much leſs give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the diſſenters in *Ireland* are ſuffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly uſed to meet. Whereas this conventicle of your's is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill uſe from the deſign you outwardly ſeemed to have intended it for.

It

It has been the weakneſs of the diſſenters to be too ſanguine and aſſuming upon events in the ſtate, which appeared to give them the leaſt encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, hath proved very much to their diſadvantage. The moſt moderate churchmen may be apt to reſent when they ſee a ſect, without toleration by law, inſulting the eſtabliſhed religion. Whenever the legiſlature ſhall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will ſubmit; but till then we can hardly ſee it without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard, if I take thoſe methods, which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil, as far as it lies in my power, unleſs you ſhall think fit from your own prudence, or the advice of ſome underſtanding friends, to ſhut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendſhip and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, B.

LETTER CLXXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, November the 4th, 1714.

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very ſoon. In the mean time, I ſend this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in ſome private place in the hands of a truſty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure, you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of *Strafford* and Mr. *Prior*. However, for greater caution, this is ſent you by——I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXII.

Monſieur SWIFT a Monſieur GIRALDI.

MONSIEUR, De Dublin, en Irelande, Fevriere 25, 1714-15.

JE prens la liberté de vous preſenter le porteur of cellecy, Monſieur *Howard*, gentilhomme ſavant et de condition de ce pais cy; qui pretend de faire le tour d' *Italie*; et

et qui etant chanoine en mon doyenné et profeſſeur de college icy, veut en voyageant parmi les catholique s' opiniatrer le plus dans ſon hereſie. Et apres tout, Monſieur, il n'eſt que juſte, que puiſque vous avez derobé notre franchiſe *Angloiſe* pour l'ajouter à vôtre politeſſe *Italienne*, que quelques uns de nous autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous a faire des repriſailles. Vous me ſouffiriez auſſi de vous prier de preſenter mes tres humble devoirs à ſon alteſſe royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, Monſieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il etoit tout a fait impoſſible de r' accommoder mes amis du miniſtere, je me retiré a la campagne en *Berkſhire*, d'ou apres ce triſte evenement je venois en *Irlande*, ou je demure en mon doyenné, et attens avec la reſignation d'un bon Chrêtien la ruine de nôtre cauſe et de mes amis, managée tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces Meſſieurs ſont tout a fait reſolu de trancher une demi-douzaine des tetes des milleurs d'*Angleterre*, et que vous avez fort bien connûs et eſtimés. Dieu ſait quel en ſera l'eve-

nement. Pour moy j'ai quitte pour jamais la politique, et avec la permiſſion des bons gens, qui ſont maintenant en vogue, je demeureray la reſte de ma vie en mon hermitage pour ſonger à mon ſalut.

Adieu, Monſieur, et me faites la juſtice de croire, que je ſuis avec beaucoup de reſpect, Monſieurs, votre, &c.

Note, Monſieur *Giraldi* was ſecretary to the duke of *Tuſcany.*

LETTER CLXXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt 6th, 1715.

I RECEIVED your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you. I deſire to hear your complaints, and will always ſhare them, when I cannot remove them. I ſhould have the ſame concern for things as you, were I not convinced, that a comet will make much more ſtrange revolutions upon the face of our globe, than all the petty changes, that can be occaſioned by governments and miniſtries. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to ſave one's ſelf and family in ſuch a terrible ſhock, when this whole

whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I conſider myſelf as a poor paſſenger, and that the earth is not to be forſaken, nor the rocks removed for me. But you are certainly ſome firſt miniſter of a great monarch, who, for ſome miſbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of ſinging-men. I am ſure I ſhould think myſelf happy, if I had only ſuch a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; elſe they would give you more occupation. You ſee I begin with philoſophy. As to buſineſs, I this moment ſaw the *dragon*. He had your letters, and ſhewed them to me ſome time ago, and ſeems to be mighty fond of the project; only he is to be at *Wimple*, and not in *Herefordſhire*, and it is but a ſtep further. He is to write to-night, if you believe him, to that very purpoſe; nay, I am to have the letter to incloſe, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is ſtrange, that you ſhould imagine the *dragon* had caſt his exuviæ in his den *, or that confinement is

* He was ſent to the *Tower*.

a cure for inactivity; ſo far from it, all theſe habits are ten times ſtronger upon him than ever. *Lewis* will furniſh you with a collection of new ſtories, that are as far beyond the old ones, as you can imagine. Therefore I ſay again, come, and you will be far from finding any ſuch diſmal ſcenes as you deſcribe. Your own letter will furniſh you with topics to conquer your melancholy. For in ſuch a mutability, what is it, that muſt not in time caſt up? Even the return of that brother * you mention. And as philoſophical as I am, I ſhould be very ſad, if I did not think that very probable and feaſible. As to your friends, tho' the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be careſſed as much as ever, and by ſome, that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleaſure in hearing the *H——r* club † declaim upon the clemency and gentleneſs of the late reign, and a thouſand ſtranger things? As for the conſtitution, it is in no more danger than a ſtrong man, that has got a little ſurfeit by drunkenneſs. All

* *Bolingbroke.*

† *Hanover* club, of which *Ambroſe Philips*, eſq; was ſecretary.

will

will be well, and people recover their ſober ſenſes every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day, lady *Ma*——, *John Drummond*, the judge, *&c.* where you will be remembered. I wiſh I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill huſband, for you had the compleat thouſand, when you were in *England*, and ſixpence of another thouſand given by the *dragon*. I remember that full well. *L*—— is gone his progreſs. I ſhall be at *Bath* in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the perſon I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before *Michaelmas*, with *Roſingrave*'s ‡ teaching, *&c.* He has a good voice.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Dr. FRIEND ‖ to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, Weſtminſter, Sept. 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to lady *Kerry* for giving you an occaſion of writing, and ſhall

‡ See the note on *Prior*'s letter, dated *Auguſt* 16, 1713.

‖ '*Robert Friend*, D. D. maſter of *Weſtminſter-ſchool*.'

always

always be pleaſed in receiving any commands from you. Mr. *Fitzmaurice* is very promiſing, and a favourite of mine already. I had never ſeen nor heard from any one, that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of your's; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I ſhall now do it much more upon your's. This will be brought to you by your kinſman, Mr. *Rolt*. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himſelf very well here. He is not of the higheſt ſort, but is very ſober and induſtrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deſerve any encouragement you are pleaſed to give him. Things are in an odd poſture with us at preſent; and the ſtate of baniſhment you are in, may be endured without much regret: however, I ſhall hope in a little time to ſee you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The biſhop ‡ and my brother ‖ are much your's, and very deſirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you'll be able to gueſs how ſoon that may

‡ 'Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, biſhop of *Rocheſter*.'
‖ '*John Friend*, M. D.'

happen.

happen. And may it be as ſoon as is wiſhed by, Sir, your moſt obedient and faithful humble ſervant, R. FRIEND.

LETTER CLXXV.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, October the 17th, 1715.

I WAS extremely pleaſed to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is ſo hard for them to write to you, and, by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can leſſen your friendſhip, which is ſo great, as to blind you of the ſide of their faults, and make you believe you ſee virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am ſure, ſome of thoſe you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleaſed, that my friend § was ſafe as to his perſon, but very uneaſy at ſeeing his reputation ſo treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in diſpute. However, as long as he is well, I am ſatisfy'd. It is with difficulty I do hear but now

§ The Duke, who being ſuſpected of treaſonable practices, or deſigns, went abroad.

and

and then; a ſtraggling body brings me an account of him; for there has been no encouragement to write by the poſt, all letters miſcarrying, that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and truſt to accident for the news of each other. I hope I ſhall hear from you oftner than I have done for ſome months paſt: for no friend you have has more reſpect for you, than, your moſt humble ſervant, M. ORMOND.

Your niece *Betty* * is your humble ſervant.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to ***.

DEAR FRIEND, Without date. Received December 2d, 1715.

I HOPE this will find you in good health, and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind, than when we uſed to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have ſeen the *dragon* thrice ſince I wrote to you. He is without ſhadow of change; the greateſt example of an unſhaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet ſaw,

* Her grace's daughter.

ſeeming

ſeeming perfectly well ſatisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often ſaid, that there is but one dragon in *rerum natura*. I don't know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well ſatisfied, that there will not be that one dragon left, if ſome people have their will. *Haly Baſſa*, they ſay ſtruggles for his ſon-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the preſident about it †.

I am not yet out, but expect to be ſoon. Adieu.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpoſe: 'That he had no 'reaſon to doubt of the good intention of 'his ſiſter, which was the reaſon that he 'ſat quiet in her time; but now was diſ-'appointed by the deplorable accident of 'her ſudden death.'

† 'The preſident of the council, who at that time was *Daniel* earl of *Nottingham*.'

LETTER CLXXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT, of the ſame date.

DEAR BROTHER,

I SEND you the ſcrap of a letter begun to you by the whole ſociety, becauſe I ſuppoſe you even value the fragments of your friends. The honeſt gentleman, at whoſe lodgings we wrote, is gone for *France*. I really value your judgment extremely in chuſing your friends. I think worthy Mr. *Ford* is an inſtance of it, being an honeſt, ſenſible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu proceſſerat, &c.*

Tho', by the way, praiſing your judgment is a little compliment to myſelf, which I am apt to fall into of late, no-body now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The *Parnellian*, who was to have carried this letter, ſeems to have changed his mind by ſome ſudden turn in his affairs; but I wiſh his hopes may not be the effect of ſome accidental thing working upon his ſpirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If

If it be any pleaſure to you, I can aſſure you, that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to loſe my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but ſay, I think there is one thing in your circumſtance, that muſt make any man happy; which is, a *liberty to preach.* Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon ſimony, I could really purchaſe it for a ſum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneaſy, that has the opportunity of venting himſelf to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am ſure you think ſo too, or you don't judge right. As for news, I never enquire about any. *Fuimus Troes, &c.*

My preſent politics is to give no diſturbance to the preſent folks in the due exerciſe of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very ſtrange things, rather than part with what they love ſo well. Untoward reports in the country will make

elections dearer, which I am ſorry for. The *dragon*, I am afraid, will be ſtruck at. Adieu, in haſte.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

The ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, January the 23d, 1715-16.

YOUR letter was a great while upon the road, before I had the good luck to have it; and I think I was happy, that it ever arrived here; for it is the ſecond letter I have received out of *Ireland* in above ſeven months. Either thoſe few friends I have there are afraid of taking notice of me, or my enemies won't let me have the comfort of thinking I have any left, and therefore ſtop my letters. I give you a thouſand thanks for ſo kindly remembering an abſent friend. As you always think right, I don't wonder you are of the opinion our *friend** has not all his good offices very well returned. But who live in this world, muſt arm themſelves with patience, and a reſolution able to bear ingratitude, reproach, poverty and afflictions of all kinds; or ſubmit to the diſcipline of *Bedlam*.

* 'Probably the earl of *Oxford*.'

I have

I have not heard from my maſter † theſe many months. I hope he is well, becauſe the good-nature of the world would take care I ſhould hear, if he were otherwiſe.

The lady, you name in your letter, lives at her houſe at *Berkſhire*. I can't entertain you with ſo much as the tittle-tattles of the town, having not ſeen it theſe four months, nor ſcarce any thing but froſt and ſnow; which makes me converſe moſt with robin-redbreaſts, that do me the favour to come in at the windows to ſee me. Your niece is your humble ſervant; but not well, having a raſh.

I believe by this time you wiſh you had not provoked me to write; ſince you are troubled with ſo long a ſcroll from me; who am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt ſincere friend, and humble ſervant.

† The duke of *Ormond*, her huſband.'

LETTER CLXXIX.

Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of Rocheſter, to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley‡, April 6, 1716.

MY gout kept me ſo long a priſoner at *Weſtminſter* this winter, that I have fixed at *Bromley* this ſpring much ſooner than ever I yet did, for which reaſon my meeting with Dr. *Younger* will be more difficult, than it would be, had I been ſtill at the deanery‖.

The beſt (or rather the worſt) is, that I believe he can ſay nothing to you upon the matter, about which you write, which will pleaſe you. His deanery * is of the old foundation, and in all ſuch foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than reſidentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the firſt of the chapter, but ſuch, whoſe preſence is not neceſſary towards the diſpatch of any one capitular act,

‡ *Bromley* in *Kent*, where the biſhops of *Rocheſter* have an epiſcopal palace.

‖ Of *Weſtminſter*, which has long been connected with the biſhopric of *Rocheſter*.

* 'Of *Saliſbury*.'

the

the ſenior reſidentiary ſupplying their abſence, in every caſe, with full authority. Thus, I ſay, the caſe generally is in the old deaneries, unleſs where the local ſtatutes may have expreſsly reſerved ſome peculiar power or privilege to the deans of thoſe churches. But none of them, I dare ſay, have a negative, either by common law, cuſtom, or local ſtatute. Thus much to ſhew you, that a nice ſearch into the peculiar rights of the dean of *Sarum* will be needleſs, if not miſchievous to you. The three deaneries, which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by *Henry* the eighth, or queen *Elizabeth*.

In the charters of all there is a clauſe, impowering the dean to make, puniſh, and unmake all the officers. In the ſtatutes of one of them *(Carliſle)* the dean's conſent, in all *graviores cauſæ*, is made expreſsly neceſſary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of thoſe churches ever paſſed the ſeal without the dean's *ſigilletur* firſt written on the leaſe, patent, preſentation, *&c.* which is a manifeſt and unconteſted proof of his negative. As to the power of propoſing, that I apprehend

not to be excluſive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal perſon, and ſuppoſed beſt to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fitteſt to be tranſacted. But if any one elſe of the body will propoſe any thing, and the reſt of the chapter will debate it, I ſee not how the dean can hinder them, unleſs it be by leaving the chapter; and that itſelf will be of no moment in churches, where his abſence doth not break up and diſſolve the chapter; as it does, where his conſent to any thing there treated of is expreſsly required before it can paſs into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed ſuch a negative, he is generally allowed to make all propoſals; becauſe it would be to no purpoſe for any one to make a propoſition, which he can quaſh by a diſſent: but this is not, I ſay, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the beſt advice I can give you, is, whatever your powers are by ſtatute or uſage, not to inſiſt on them too ſtrictly in either of the caſes mentioned by you, unleſs you are very ſure of the favour and

and countenance of your viſitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever ſuch points come before them for a deciſion, are very apt to diſregard ſtatutes and cuſtom in ſuch caſes; and to ſay, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without conſidering, whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmoſt dexterity and addreſs will be neceſſary, in order to prevent ſuch a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (eſpecially as things now ſtand) will go againſt you. If the refractory part of your chapter are ſtout, and men of any ſenſe, or ſupported underhand, (the laſt of theſe is highly probable) you had better make uſe of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at preſent to a deciſion. Theſe are the beſt lights, and this the beſt advice, I can give you, after a long experience of the natural conſequence of ſuch ſtruggles, and a careful ſearch into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and diſputed on the one ſide and the other. I wiſh I could ſay any thing more to your ſatisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all ſuch

caſes, the beſt inſtance I can give you of my friendſhip, is not to deceive you.

There is a ſtatute in the latter end of king *Henry* the eighth's reign worthy of your peruſal. The title of it relates to the *leaſes of hoſpitals*, &c. and the tenor of it did, in my apprehenſion, ſeem always to imply, that, without the dean, maſter, *&c.* nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and ſay, that ſtatute (notwithſtanding a conſtant phraſe of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the moſt, implies it only as to ſuch deaneries, *&c.* where the dean, maſter, *&c.* have the right of a negative, by ſtatute or uſage. And few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myſelf farther on that head; but, when you peruſe the ſtatute, you will ſee what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include *Ireland*. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in *England*.

I am ſorry you have any occaſion to write to me on theſe heads, and much ſorrier, that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive thoſe, who have

have furniſhed me with this knowledge, by involving me deſignedly into thoſe ſquabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in *Engliſh* or *Latin*, but that I am, with great eſteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble ſervant,

FR. ROFFEN.

LETTER CLXXX.

Lady BOLINGBROKE* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, Auguſt 4, 1716.

I WISH your laſt had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am ſtill kept in town, ſoliciting my unfortunate buſineſs. I have found great favour from his majeſty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since 'tis my fate, I muſt bear it with patience, and perfect it, if I can; for there is nothing like following buſineſs one's ſelf. I am unwilling to ſtir without the ſeals, which I hope to have

* 'Frances, firſt wife of the lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*, and daughter of Sir *Henry Winchcomb*, of *Bucklebury*, in *Berks*.'

ſoon.

ſoon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and leſs now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to ſay as to one part of your's; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if ſhe ſays ſhe is glad it is as it is, tho' it has almoſt ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majeſty will find my lord has been miſrepreſented; and, by that means, he may be reſtored to his country once more with honour; or elſe, however harſh it may ſound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. Theſe are my real ſentiments. I never thought myſelf, nor my health, of any conſequence till lately; and ſince you tell me 'tis ſo to the unworthy, as you pleaſe to term it, I ſhall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought ſo, they are good for nothing, but to neglect diſtreſſed friends. Thoſe few friends I meet with now, are worth a thouſand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happineſs of odd, half-witted relations, and ſilly, obſtinate, opiniatre friends, that are a ſevere plague to me. I never could have the pleaſure of talking one moment to the d—— of

O——

O——*. She had always company, and ſome, that I wiſh ſhe had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correſpond at preſent. I wiſh her all happineſs, and in better hands as to her buſineſs. You have a much better opinion of me than I deſerve; but I will ſtudy all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to aſſure me of.

I wiſh it were poſſible for us two to meet, that I might aſſure you, in perſon, that I am your's moſt faithfully.

Your's came ſafe. I hope this will to you. There is a lady, who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: ſhe is now in the country, to my grief.

LETTER CLXXXI.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, September 14, 1716.

I HAD the ill fortune to miſs of that letter you upbraid me with. I had deſerved any reproaches you could make me, if it

* 'Ducheſs of *Ormond*.'

had

had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I'll make you wiſh you'd not been ſo angry with me; for I will ſcrall out myſelf, what you'd rather *Betty* or my maid had, for they would have made ſhorter work of it; but I will anſwer every part of your's, that you obliged me with by Mr. *Ford*.

Firſt, as to the lady you mention, the reaſon I had not ſeen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her huſband has been a better courtier, than either ſhe, or any of her ſex could be; becauſe men have it in their power to ſerve, and I believe her's has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly aſk how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing was thought done, a ſudden blaſt had blown all hopes away, and then they give me freſh expectations. In the mean time, I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I ſhan't have ſo much as a bed to lie upon, but what I muſt buy; and no money of my own to do that with; ſo that you may imagine me in a chearful way. I pray God ſupport me.

The

The gentleman you enquired after is very well now. The illneſs you heard he had, he has been ſubject to a good while. What you deſire, I wiſh were in the power of either his brother or I; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they ſay, that the cloaths upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was ſo ill there, that, if I had not come to the phyſicians, I can't tell what might have happened. My daughter is your moſt humble ſervant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you'd have wiſht? But you'll find by this, that a woman's pen ſhould no more be ſet at work than her tongue; for ſhe never knows when to let either of 'em reſt. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but juſt room to tell you I wiſh much to ſee you here, if it could be with your ſatisfaction; and that I am, with great ſincerity, Sir, your faithful humble ſervant,

M. ORMOND.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

October 23, 1716.

IT is a very great truth, that, among all the loſſes, which I have ſuſtained, none affected me more ſenſibly than that of your company and correſpondence; and yet, even now, I ſhould not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men, who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, muſt be of little moment to the ſtate; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the moſt innocent things become criminal in ſome men, as the moſt criminal paſs applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the ſame ſpirit as your converſation at all times inſpired, even when the occaſions of practiſing the ſevereſt rules of virtuous fortitude ſeemed moſt remote, if ſuch occaſions could ever ſeem remote to men, who are under the di-

rection of your able and honeſt friend Sir *Roger* *.

To write about myſelf is no agreeable taſk, but your commands are ſufficient at once to determine and excuſe me. Know therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money, which I brought over with me will hold out ſome time longer; and that I have ſecured a ſmall fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue ſufficient for one, *qui peut le retrencher meme avec plaiſir dans la mediocrité.* I uſe a *French* expreſſion, becauſe I have not one, that pleaſes me, ready in *Engliſh.* During ſeveral months after my leaving that obſcure retreat, into which I had thrown myſelf laſt year, I went thro' all the mortifying circumſtances imaginable. At preſent I enjoy, as far as I conſider myſelf, great complacency of mind; but this inward ſatisfaction is imbittered, when I conſider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after

* Sir *Roger* is the name given to lord treaſurer *Oxford*, in the hiſtory of *John Bull.* As *Bolingbroke* is known to have hated and deſpiſed the treaſurer, the words *able* and *honour* muſt be taken ironically.

blind

blind guides; ſtumble from miſtake to miſtake; joſtle againſt one another, and daſh their heads againſt the wall; and all this to no purpoſe. For aſſure yourſelf, that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back. My ſtile is myſtic, but it is your trade to deal in myſteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuſe. You will underſtand me; and I conjure you to be perſuaded, that if I could have half an hour's converſation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would ſtare, haul your wig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life †. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindeſt influence of heaven be ſhed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things ſhall we have to talk over! In the mean while believe, that nothing ſits ſo near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among theſe you ever had, and ever ſhall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct *A Monſieur* Charlot, *chez Monſieur* Cantillon, *banquier, rue de l'Arbre ſec* *. Once more adieu.

† This is a ſtrong picture of *Swift*'s manner.
* The name of a ſtreet in *Paris*.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXIII.

CHARLES FORD, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Paris, October 28th, [1716.]

IF I was to ſee you again, you would give twice as much as you offered ſix weeks ago not to have ſeen me. By the ſame rule, you might afford ſomething not to hear from me; but the incloſed came this morning to me, and I could not ſend it away, without adding a few lines in the cover. They are not to put you again into the ſpleen, but only to aſk how you do, and how you employ yourſelf? Do the great deſigns go on at *Laracor* †? Or have the rains put a ſtop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will coſt you but a penny, and a few minutes, to anſwer theſe queſtions; and in return, you ſhall know any thing you deſire to know of me in my travels. I ſhall go on as ſoon as we have five or ſix days ſunſhine to dry the roads, and make the fineſt country in the

† The dean's living.

world ſupportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greateſt part of the pleaſure. And whereas my companion is continually wiſhing himſelf at *Rome*, I wiſh *Rome* was a thouſand leagues farther, that I might have more way to paſs in *France* and *Italy*.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. *Cantillon*, banker, in *Paris*. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXXIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, January the 12th, 1716-17.

ABOUT two months ago I ſent you a very long epiſtle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a viſit, or have let us heard from you. Since you have done neither, we muſt flatter ourſelves, that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend *Prior*, not having had the viciſſitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a ſtate as any other poet has done before him, if his

his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himſelf. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we ſee is coming on very faſt, we have a project of printing his *Solomon*, and other poetical works, by ſubſcription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, *Arbuthnott*, *Pope* and *Gay*, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint requeſt, that you will endeavour to procure ſome ſubſcriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you ſhall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertiſements to be publiſhed; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in ſuch a manner, as ſhall be leaſt ſhocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbiſhop of *Dublin* ſhews a letter of your's, reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fanſy you have writ to him in an *ironical ſtile*, and that he would have it otherwiſe underſtood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly ſaid to you on that figure. Pray condeſcend to explain this matter to me. The removal

of my lord *Townſhend* has given a little ſpirit; but that will ſoon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What meaſures his majeſty will take is uncertain; but this we are very ſure of, that the diviſion of the whigs is ſo great, that, morally ſpeaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. *Sunderland*, *Stanhope* and *Cadogan* are of one ſide; *Townſhend*, *Walpole*, *Oxford*, *Devonſhire*, and the chancellor *, of the other. The latter ſeem at preſent to be ſtrongeſt; but when the former appear with a *German* reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themſelves, and not ſerve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord *Townſhend*'s friends give out, that his diſgrace is owing to refuſing four things; *viz.* to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the ſucceſſion-act; to ſend money to *Germany* for carrying on a war againſt *Sweden*; and to attaint lord *Oxford*. When lord *Sunderland* †

* 'William earl *Cowper*.'

† 'By whoſe intrigues the lord viſcount *Townſhend* had been removed from the poſt of ſecretary of ſtate, which was given to *James Stanhope*, afterwards earl *Stanhope*.'

comes

comes over, he will probable cry *whore again*, and endeavour to ſaddle lord *Townſhend* in his turn. For theſe reproaches now are like that of *Jacobitiſm* in former reigns. We are told, that lord *Bolingbroke* has permiſſion to ſtay in *France*, notwithſtanding the late treaty, provided he retires from *Paris*. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXXV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, June the 15th, 1717.

LAST night I received your's of the 5th inſtant; and ſince you tell me I am your only correſpondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You'll ſee by the public prints, that *Monday* next come ſe'ennight is appointed for the trial of my lord *Oxford*, and that no leſs than ſix-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewiſe ſettled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has aſked, that two lawyers more might be added to

his council: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living, who thinks he will ever be tried; for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments, and attainders, and party-gambols; and ſay, that all people deſerve to be ſo puniſhed, who preſume to diſpoſſeſs the whigs of their indefeaſible right to the adminiſtration. But ſince he is not to be tried, the next queſtion is, In what manner is he to be brought off, ſo as to ſave the honour of his proſecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others ſay, it will be by the commons aſking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuſe it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is poſſible neither of theſe gueſſes may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in priſon; which my lord *Marlborough* ſeems paſſionately to deſire.

We labour here under all the diſadvantages in the world in every reſpect; for the tide of party runs ſtill very ſtrong every where, but in no place more than in *Weſtminſter-hall*. Thoſe on this ſide, whoſe honour and intereſt both require, that all people

people, who pay obedience, ſhould be protected, ſeem to want a capacity to govern; and the ſimilitude of circumſtances between the —— * and the regent render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural intereſt of *France*. Thus we are ſecure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that *Snape*'s letter † is really but a letter, and that it is much too ſhort and too ſlight for ſuch a ſubject. However, his merit was great, in being the firſt to give the alarm to his brethren, and ſetting himſelf in the front of the battle againſt his adverſaries. In thoſe reſpects, his letter has had its full effect.

I deſire you will be as quick as you can in the aſſiſtance you intend *Prior*; for thoſe, who ſubſcribed here, are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without paſſing for common cheats. Dr. *Arbuthnott*, and Mr. *Charleton*, and I, remember you often. Lady *Maſham* always aſks for you very affectionately. By

* 'King ſhould probably fill the blank.'

† 'To the biſhop of *Bangor*, Dr. *Hoadly*, occaſioned by his lordſhip's ſermon preached before the king, on *March* 31, 1717, *concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of Chriſt*.'

the way, I am perfectly reſtored to grace there, and am invited to their houſe in the country. As ſoon as lord *Oxford*'s affair is over, I intend to go amongſt my friends in the country, not to return hither till about *Michaelmas*. But, if you'll direct to me at my houſe in town, your letters will be conveyed to me, where-ever I am. Mr. *Rochfort* ‡ ſeems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with ſucceſs. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, June the 18th, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of laſt poſt, that it was the univerſal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord *Oxford*, I think myſelf obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be ſomething doubtful; for the managers,

‡ The dean was intimate with a family of this name in *Ireland*, and, among his works, is a poem, called, *The Country Life*, written while he was ſpending part of a ſummer at the houſe of *George Rochfort*, Eſq; ſon of the lord chief baron of that name.

who

who are twenty-ſeven in number, ſtrenuouſly give out, that they ſhall be ready to proceed on *Monday* next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have ſaid in my laſt, have any weight with you to alter that reſolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to ſay to you at preſent upon any public matters. I ſhall only juſt trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir *Charles Hotham*'s regiment, which is now ordered to *Ireland*. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commiſſion, my brother thinks his patron, my lord *Carliſle*, will eaſily prevail with my lord duke of *Bolton* for leave to diſpoſe of it. I ſhould be very glad you could find him a chapman.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, July the 2d, 1717.

I HAVE the pleaſure to inform you, that lord *Oxford*'s impeachment was diſcharged laſt night, by the unanimous conſent of all the lords preſent; and, as nearly as I could count,

count, their number was one hundred and ſix, the duke of *Marlborough*, my lord *Cadogan*, lord *Coningſby*, and a few others of the moſt violent, having withdrawn themſelves before the lords came into *Weſtminſter-hall*. The acclamations were as great as upon any occaſion; and our friend, who ſeems more formed for adverſity than proſperity, has at preſent many more friends, than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a meſſage he received this morning from the K——, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the proſecution was at firſt the reſentment of a party; but it became at laſt a ridiculous buſineſs, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman; I mean, of my lady *Marlborough*, who is almoſt diſtracted, that ſhe could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about *Michaelmas* next. Direct to me hither as uſual, and your letter will be conveyed to me wherever I am.

Dr. *Arbuthnott*, Mr. *Charleton*, and Mr. *Currey*, have dined with me to-day, and you

you have not been forgot. I was in hopes we ſhould have ſeen you ere this. The doctor ſays, you wait for the act of grace. If ſo, I hope to ſee you by next winter. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, July 30, 1717.

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, ſixteenth, and twentieth inſtant. They all came ſafe to me, however variouſly directed. I find myſelf equally comforted by your philoſophy, and aſſiſted by your friendſhip. You will eaſily imagine, that I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which for as many reaſons I omit, and only touch upon that buſineſs, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet ſorry *. I return you the names of thoſe, who were kind enough to ſubſcribe, that you may ſee, if they are rightly ſpelt, as likewiſe the right titles put to them, *&c.* I am

* Subſcriptions for Mr. *Prior*'s poems, procured by the dean. The ſubſcription was two guineas.

ſenſible

ſenſible this has given you too much trouble, but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. *Lewis*, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleaſes. I take it for granted, that whatever I writ, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; ſo you'll expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the *Poſt-boy*. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreſon cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl † is *ſemper idem*. Lord *Harley* is in the country. Our brotherhood extremely diſperſed; but ſo as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the ſociety together, and drink to our abſent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may ſee your reverend perſon this ſummer in *England*: if ſo, I ſhall be glad to meet you at any place; but, when you come to *London*, do not go to the *Cocoa-Tree*, (as you ſent your letter) but come immediately to *Duke-Street*, where you ſhall find a bed, a book, and a candle: ſo pray think of ſojourning no where elſe. Pray give my ſervice to all

† Of *Oxford*.

friends

friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of *Ireland* liſt themſelves under that number. I do not know how you can recompenſe them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book, which I promiſe them.

You will pardon my having uſed another hand, ſince it is ſo much better than my own; and, believe me, ever with greateſt truth, dear Sir, your's,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt 6, 1717.

TWO years retreat has made me taſte the converſation of my deareſt friend with a greater reliſh, than ever at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journies to *Windſor*. Three of your letters have come ſafe to my hands. The firſt about two years ſince: that my ſon keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived ſince the firſt of *July*. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of

of giving a perfect anſwer about my going to *Brampton*; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in thoſe parts is ſo far from abating, that I am perſuaded by my friends to go into *Cambridgeſhire*, where you are too juſt not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to ſee you muſt be ſubmitted to the judgment yourſelf makes of all circumſtances. At preſent this ſeems to be a cooler climate, than your iſland is like to be, when they aſſemble, *&c.* Our impatience to ſee you ſhould not draw you into uneaſineſs. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourſelf.

O X F O R D.

LETTER CXC.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Heathrop, in Oxfordſhire, Auguſt 24, 1717.

YOUR's, my good friend, of the ſixth, finds me in *Oxfordſhire* with the duke of *Shrewſbury*, which would ſooner have been knowledged, had it ſtayed in *London*. Before I left that pious city, I made due enquiries

quiries into the methods and regularity of your correſpondence with the earl *. He has received your letters; he will anſwer them, but not to-day, *ſicut olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no poſitive anſwer from him, nor can any man elſe; ſo trouble yourſelf no more on that head than he does. He is ſtill in *London*, and poſſibly has anſwered you; while I am a little arraigning his neglect, but in all caſes *liberavi animam meam*.

I wiſh you were in *England*, that you might a little look over the ſtrange ſtuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I ſhall be angry, if you are near and not with me; but when I ſee you, that weighty queſtion may eaſily be decided. In the mean time, I am taking your good counſel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two miſtakes in the liſt, but have not corrected them. I preſume we ſhall have it of the beſt edition, when you ſend the liſt back again; of which, I ſay, no haſte is required.

* Of *Oxford*.

Give

Give my ſervice and thanks to all friends; reſerve only to yourſelf the aſſurance of my being, beyond expreſſion, my friend, your's,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CXCI.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, March 20, 1717-18.

MULTIPLICITY of buſineſs, and a long dangerous fit of ſickneſs, prevented me from anſwering the obliging letter you honoured me with ſome time ſince: but, God be thanked, I cannot make uſe of either of theſe excuſes at preſent, being entirely free both of my office † and my aſthma. I dare not however venture myſelf abroad yet, but have ſent the contents of your laſt to a friend of mine (for he is very much ſo, tho' he is my ſucceſſor ‡) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have ſo much zeal and pleaſure in doing

† 'Of ſecretary of ſtate, which poſt Mr. *Addiſon* reſigned on the fourteenth of *March*, 1717-18, and had a penſion granted him of one thouſand five hundred pounds a year.'

‡ '*James Craggs*, Eſq;'

kind

kind offices for those you wish well to. that I hope you remember the handling of the case in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents of much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad, if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man, the bishop of *Derry**, who has leave left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and, to tell you sincerely,

* Dr. *Narcissus Marsh*.

edly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter, as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I muſt ſtill have continued ſilent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a ſuitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Wherever you ſee *England*, your company will be the moſt acceptable in the world at *Hallſ-brook*, where you are highly eſteemed by lady *Warwick*, and the young lord, though by none any where more than by, Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt obedient humble ſervant, J. ADDISON.

LETTER CXCII.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

April 12, 1718.

HIS lordſhip writes to the dean, that he hopes to ſee him at *Wimple* this year: that lord *Oxford* was well, and talked of going into *Herefordſhire*. He adds, your ſiſter is obliged to go to *Bath*, preſents her humble ſervice, and deſires you to accept of a little etuy. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the ſnuff-box, which comes along with it, to ſupply the place of that, which

which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect, your most humble servant, and brother,

HARLEY.

LETTER CXCIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR. May [illegible], [illegible].

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in; commas, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends' letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all: I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact.

E—— O——* has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is [illegible]

* Lord Oxford.

idem, and has as much buſineſs to do now, as when he was governing *England*, or impeached for treaſon. He is ſtill in town, but going in a week or ten days into *Hereſordſhire*. Lord and lady *Harley* are at the *Bath*, and as ſoon as I ſhall have ſettled my affairs of the printing-preſs, (ſad buſineſs! as you very well call it) I ſhall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with ſome of our friends here; and am always, with the greateſt truth and affection, dear Sir, your obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CXCIV.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, May 29, 1718.

I HAVE received your's of the ſixth, with the liſt corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct and deſign to publiſh, as faſt as the nature of this great or ſorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we ſhall not be out before *Chriſtmas*, ſo that

that our friends abroad may compleat their collection till *Michaelmas*, and be returned ſoon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them.

I am going to-morrow morning to the *Bath*, to meet lord *Harley* there. I ſhall be back in a month. The earl of *Oxford* is ſtill here. He will go into *Herefordſhire* ſome time in *June*. He ſays he will write to you himſelf. Am I particular enough? Is this proſe? And do I diſtinguiſh tenſes? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happieſt man in the world; and, if you are once got into *la bagatelle*, you may deſpiſe the world. Beſides contriving emblems, ſuch as Cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Don't you envy me? For the reſt, matters continue *ſicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear dean, and give my ſervice to all our friends. Your's, ever,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CXCV.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR DEAN, London, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, call wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle*, as you pretend to be, you will find more pleaſure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the ſubſcribers names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray ſend them over by the next poſt. If you have not, pray ſend me word of that too; that, in all caſes, I may at leaſt hear from you. E—— of *O*—— has been in town all this ſummer, is now going into *Herefordſhire*, and ſays he ſhall ſee you very ſoon in *England*. I would tell you with what pleaſure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters ſo, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for I aſſure you we are all ſo changed, that there

ſince troubled my lady *Aſhe* with a letter to the ſame effect, which I hope has not miſcarried. However, upon my return to *London*, I will farther enquire into that matter, and ſee, if there is any room left for me to negociate as you propoſe.

I live ſtill in hopes of ſeeing you in *England*, and if you would take my houſe at *Bilton* in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of *Rugby*) I would ſtrain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for ſome days. The greateſt pleaſure I have met with for ſome months, is in the converſation of my old friend Dr. *Smalridge*, who, ſince the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the moſt candid and agreeable of all biſhops; I would ſay clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I aſſure you he has an exquiſite taſte of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on ſuch a ſubject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can expreſs my eſteem of you, even to thoſe, who are not of the biſhop's party, without giving offence. When a man has ſo much compaſs in his character,

character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all ſides admire. I am ſure a zealous friendly behaviour diſtinguiſhes you as much as your many more ſhining talents; and as I have received particular inſtances of it, you muſt have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and reſpect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER CXCVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, October 14, 1718.

THIS ſerves for an envelope to the incloſed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this ſide. In your laſt, I think, you deſired me to let you alone to enjoy your own ſpleen. Can you purchaſe your fifty pounds a year in *Wales?* Yet I can tell you, beforehand, *Lewis* ſcorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greateſt, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in *France*; ſix weeks at *Paris*, and as much

much at *Rouen*; where, I can aſſure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about ſending ſome impertinent preſidents du parliament to priſon, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was aſked for Monſieur *Swift* by many people, I can aſſure you; and particularly by the duke *d'Aumont*. I was reſpectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. *Laws* *. Amongſt other things, I had the honour to carry an *Iriſh* lady † to

* The contriver of the Miſſiſſipi ſcheme.

† The celebrated beauty Miſs *Nelly Bennet*, on whom theſe lines were written.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries*, each glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens.

The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming *Nell* to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provoked,
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*;
Then ſaid the duke *de Villeroi*,
Ah? qu'elle eſt bien jolie?

The

court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in *France* for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The huſſar himſelf was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiſs. Her name is *Bennet*. Amongſt other folks I ſaw your old friend lord *Bolingbroke*, who aſked for you. He looks juſt as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their ſentiments towards you. I left my two girls in *France* with their uncle, which was my chief buſineſs. I don't know, that I have any friends on your ſide, beſides Mr. *Ford*, to whom give my ſervice, and to Dr. *Parnell* and Mr. *Jervoiſe*.

If it be poſſible for you, obey the contents of the incloſed; which, I ſuppoſe, is a kind invitation. The *dragon* is juſt as he was, only all his old habits ten times ſtronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never ceaſe to love and eſteem you, being ever your moſt affectionate and obliged humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in *Nelly*'s praiſes;
Admir'd her roſe, and *lis ſans farde*,
Which are your terms *Françoiſes*.

LET-

LETTER CXCVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, Dec. 11, 1718.

FOR ſo I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans, I find you wiſh both me and yourſelf to live to be old and rich. The ſecond goes in courſe along with the firſt; but you cannot give ſeven (that is the tythe of ſeventy) good reaſons for either. Glad at my heart ſhould I be, if Dr. *Helſham* or I could do you any good. My ſervice to Dr. *Helſham*: he does not want my advice in the caſe. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend, in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and caſtor, made up into bolus's with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but, trying it amongſt other things, my friend found good of this preſcription. I had tried the caſtor alone before, not with ſo much ſucceſs. Small quantities of *tinctura ſacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would ſend you horſes, if they knew how. One or two

have

have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their words. Mr. *Rowe*, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a *Pegaſus*. I'll anſwer for it, he won't do as your mare did, having more need of *Lucan*'s preſent, than Sir *Richard Blackmore*. I would fain have *Pope* get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in *Durfey* his deputy. The *dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reaſons of ſtate, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe, at the ſame time, it was only a law of nature, to which the *dragon* is moſt ſubject, *Remanere in ſuâ in eſt niſi deturbeter ab extrinſeco*. Lord *Harley* and lady *Harley* give you their ſervice. *Lewis* is in the country with lord *Bathurſt*, and has wrote me a moſt dreadful ſtory of a mad dog, that bit their huntſman; ſince which accident, I am told, he has ſhortened his ſtirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord *Oxford* preſented him with two horſes. He has ſold one, and ſent the other to graſs, *avec beaucoup de ſoupçon*. I do not believe the ſtory of lord *Bolingbroke*'s marriage, for I have been conſulted about

the

the lady; and, by ſome defects in her conſtitution, I ſhould not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is ſome talk about reverſing his attainder; but I wiſh he may not be diſappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They ſay the pretender is like to have his chief miniſter impeached. He has his wife priſoner. The footmen of the houſe of commons chooſe their ſpeaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs ſhould ſerve their apprenticeſhips as pretenders, that we might diſcover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to ſee the duke of *Ormond* fighting againſt the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and the duke of *Berwick* fighting for it? *France*, in confederacy with *England*, to reduce the exorbitant power of *Spain*? I really think there is no ſuch good reaſon for living till ſeventy, as curioſity. You ſay you are ready to reſent it as an affront, to ſay, that a lady, hardly known or obſerved for her beauty in *Ireland*, is a curioſity in *France*. All deans naturally fall into paralogiſms. My wife gives you her kind love and ſervice, and, which is the firſt thing, that occurs to all wives, wiſhes you well married.

LET-

LETTER CXCIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March the 17th, 1719, [N. S.]

I HAVE not theſe ſeveral years taſted ſo ſenſible a pleaſure, as your letters of the 16th of *January* and 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the tenderneſs of your heart, to be aſſured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the ſame effect on you. I feel my own pleaſure, and I feel your's. The trueſt reflection, and, at the ſame time, the bittereſt ſatyr, which can be made on the preſent age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a man paſs for romantic. Sincerity, conſtancy, tenderneſs, are rarely to be found. They are ſo much out of uſe, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greateſt part of thoſe, who paſs for ſuch, are, properly ſpeaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, ſince *Tully*'s maxim is certainly true, that friendſhip can ſubſiſt *non niſi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and

that

that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inſpires, and the experience of other men's deſtroys. I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter: I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable inſtances of friendſhip to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his nation. Into theſe misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious ſtars have not diſappointed my expectations. The reſt have almoſt entirely failed me. The fire of my adverſity has purged the maſs of my acquaintance; and, the ſeparation made, I diſcover, on one ſide, an handful of friends; but, on the other, a legion of enemies, at leaſt of ſtrangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me ſome amends. I have found leſs reſource in other people, and more in myſelf, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to liſt again under the conduct of a man *, of whom nature meant

* '*Robert*, earl of *Oxford*.'

to

to make a ſpy, or, at moſt, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimſical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am ſure, hear this with ſatisfaction; and ſure it is, that I tell it you without the leaſt affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is paſt, I obſerve a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which *Cæſius* gave to *Cicero*; *Id utilius eſt ſtatuere quod tutius ſit*: and, I think, may ſay to myſelf, what *Dolobella* ſays, in one of his letters, to the ſame *Cicero*: *Satisfactum eſt jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: ſatisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum eſt, ubi nunc eſt reſpublica, ibi ſimus potius, quam, dum illam veterem ſequamur, ſimus in nullâ.* What my memory has furniſhed on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearneſs as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours ab-

ſolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to aſſure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deſerved more to be commended, than whilſt I was the moſt blamed; and that you will pronounce the higheſt part of my character to be that, which has been diſguiſed by the nature of things, miſrepreſented by the malice of men, and which is ſtill behind a cloud. In what is paſt, therefore, I find no great ſource of uneaſineſs. As to the preſent, my fortune is extremely reduced; but my deſires are ſtill more ſo. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond thoſe, which a very moderate income will ſupply, are purely imaginary; and that his happineſs is greater, and better aſſured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to ſupply them. *Hor. epiſt. i. lib.* 1.

——*Vides, quæ maxima credis,*
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemq; repulſam,
Quanto devites, &c.

Which

Which I paraphraſed thus, not long ago,
in my poſt-chaiſe:

Survey mankind, obſerve what riſques they
run,
What fanſy'd ills, thro' real dangers, ſhun;
Thoſe fanſy'd ills, ſo dreadful to the great,
A loſt election, or impair'd eſtate.
Obſerve the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the *Indian* main;
Tho' ſtorms ariſe, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, and knows no other
fear.
Vain men, who might arrive, with toil far
leſs,
By ſmoother paths, at greater happineſs.
For 'tis ſuperior bliſs, not to deſire
That trifling good, which fondly you
admire,
Poſſeſs precarious, and too dear acquire.
What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympic crown would be
declin'd?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to ſeize,
With ſafety combat, and prevail with eaſe,
Would chuſe on ſome inglorious ſtage to
tread,
And, fighting, ſtroll from wake to wake
for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which ſubject, I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that, upon a principle (which I have long eſtabliſhed) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow, I have familiarized the worſt proſpects to my ſight; and that, by ſtaring want, ſolitude, neglect, and the reſt of that train in the face, I have diſarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of ſomebody, who, whilſt he was in the *Tower*, uſed, every morning, to lay down on the block, and ſo act over his laſt ſcene.

Nothing diſturbs me, but the uncertainty of my ſituation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to paſs the remainder of my life in exile, the more ſenſibly ſhall I feel the pleaſure of returning to you, if his majeſty's unconditional favour, (the offers of which prevented even my wiſhes) proves at laſt effectual. I cannot apply to myſelf, as you bid me do; ——*Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum eſt*, and what follows; and,

if ever we live in the ſame country together, you ſhall not apply to me, —— *Quid ſi frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes.*

I have writ you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleaſure of breaking ſo long a ſilence tranſports me; and your ſentiment is a ſufficient excuſe. It is not ſo eaſy to find one for talking ſo much about myſelf; but I ſhall want none with you upon this ſcore. Adieu.

This letter will get ſafe to *London*; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you.——For God's ſake, no more apologies for your quotations, unleſs you mean, by accuſing yourſelf, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's, of the ſtory of *Pierſchole*. The ſtorks will never come, and they muſt be porters all their lives. They are ſomething worſe; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would ſooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the inſtruments of a ſaucy gardener, who has got a gold croſs on his ſtomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of *Scandal's* pictures in *Congreve's* play of *Love for Love*, where a ſoldier is repreſented with his heart where his head ſhould be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprize; which will end in making their cauſe a little more deſperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the ſame conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of *January* to the 16th of *February* is a long courſe of illneſs.

LETTER CC.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, May 5, [1719.]

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendſhip, and wiſh you all the happineſs of life, health eſpecially, the chiefeſt, you will pardon me being a little peeviſh, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth paſt, which told me I muſt not expect to ſee you here, and that you were not perfectly well at *Dublin*. I hope there is a little ſpleen mixed with your diſtemper;

diſtemper; in which caſe your horſe may be your phyſician, and your phyſician may have the happineſs of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *ſang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth converſing with, except *Harley* and *Bathurſt?* at leaſt, make no more that ſort of complaint to me. *Iſthæc commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobatio*; for fifty (as Mr. *Locke* obſerves) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worſe than the ſpleen. My bookſeller is a blockhead; ſo have they all been, or worſe, from *Chaucer's* ſcrivener down to *John* and *Jacob*, Mr. *Hyde* only excepted, to whom my books in quires are conſigned, and the greateſt care taken, that they are rightly put up. Several of the ſubſcribers to you requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for *Alma* and *Solomon*. I ſhall perform your commands to the earl of *Oxford*, *ſemper idem*; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this diſtance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may

ſhew you, that I am, and deſire always to continue, with the greateſt truth and regard, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant.

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CCI.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Weſtminſter, December 8, 1719.

HAVING ſpent part of my ſummer very agreeably in *Cambridgeſhire* with dear lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to my own palace in *Duke-ſtreet*, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noiſe of the neighbouring Court of Requeſts, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worſe than this yet. I have treated lady *Harriot* * at *Cambridge*. Good God! a fellow of a college treat! and ſpoke verſes to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary

* 'Lady *Harriot Harley*, only daughter of *Edward* lord *Harley*, and now ducheſs dowager of *Portland*.'

† 'They are printed in what is called by the editor, *Samuel Humphreys*, Eſq; *the third volume of* Prior's *Works*; and are intitled, *Verſes ſpoken to Lady* Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles Harley, *in the Library of* St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719.'

plenipotentiary do for concerning in the damned peace at *Utrecht*; the man, that makes up half the volume of terſe proſe, that makes up the report of the committee, ſpeaking verſes! *ſic eſt, homo ſum*; and am not aſhamed to ſend thoſe very verſes to one, who can make much better. And now let me aſk you, How you do? and what you do? How your *Iriſh* country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any *Engliſh* country air? In the ſpring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the beſt rendezvous will be *Duke-ſtreet*, and the faireſt field for action *Wimple* ‡, the lords of both thoſe ſeats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourſelf.

It is many months ſince the complaints of my ſubſcribers are redreſſed, and that they have ceaſed to call the bookſeller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. *Hyde*, but expect, that at his leiſure he will ſignify to *Tonſon* what may relate to that whole matter, as to the ſecond ſubſcriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have

‡ The ſeat of lord *Harley*.

been

might have been in danger. They were ſo good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reaſon or not, or as prince *Butler* ſaid, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price ſet upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of *Great Britain*; for all your relations here want much to ſee you, where are ſtrange changes every day. You remember, and ſo do I, when the *South-ſea* was ſaid to be my lord *Oxford*'s brat, and muſt be ſtarved at nurſe. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; tho', perhaps, you may ſay, if he loves it no better than his ſon, it may not be ſaying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchefs of *K*——†, and that is ſaying a good deal. I wiſh it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wiſh you were ſo too. I believe, by this time, you are very ſorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this ſcrawl; but the ſtrong muſt bear with the infirmities of

† 'Kendal, *Erengard Meleſina Schuylenberg*, baroneſs of *Schuylenberg* in *Germany*. She was created ducheſs of *Kendal* by king *George* I. on the thirtieth of *April*, 1719.'

the

the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. [illegible]

LETTER [illegible]

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT

SIR, [illegible]

FROM my good friend the dead I have two letters before me, of what sort I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance, or, as other reading have it, for an answer. You talk me in one of them, you had been [illegible] with a [illegible] head; and I presume you judged by my silence, that I have [illegible] under the same distemper. I [illegible] why you have not buried me, as you did [illegible], and given the wits of the age, the [illegible], a new occasion of [illegible] one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of [illegible]

[illegible]

gan in *England*, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell ſeven years longer.

Are you *Frenchman* enough to know how a *Gaſcon* ſuſtains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une Eſclanche;
Lundi, froide et Salade;
Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;
Mecredi, Hachee;
Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;
Vendredi, Point de Gras;
Samedi, Qu'on me caſſe les os, et les chiens ſe
Creveront des reſtes de mon Mouton.

We can provide ſuch ſort of cookery, if you will but ſend us the *eſclanche*; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord *Oxford* has been a twelvemonth in *Herefordſhire*, as far from us, literally, tho' not geographically, as if he had been with you in *Ireland*. He has writ no more to us, than if we were ſtill miniſters of ſtate. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord *Harley* at *London*; and have either lived with him at *Wimple*, or upon him here, ever ſince his father left us. I know no reaſon, why you ſhould not expect his

picture,

picture, but that he promiſed it to you ſo often. I wrote to him ſix months ſince, and, inſtead of acknowlegding my letter, he took a more compendious way of ſending a gentleman to lady *Harriot*, in *Dover-ſtreet*; and bid him call at *Weſtminſter*, to know if I had any thing to ſay to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was ſure the ſcaffold was ready, and the axe whetted; and is in *Herefordſhire*, when the conſent of all mankind either juſtifies his miniſtry, or follows the plan of it. The *South-ſea* company have raiſed their ſtock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not ſix-pence in it. Thou art a ſtranger in *Iſrael*, my good friend; and ſeemeſt to know no more of this lord, than thou didſt of the *Conde de P——*, when firſt I conſtrued him to thee at the coffee-houſe.

I labour under the diſtemper you complain of, deafneſs, eſpecially upon the leaſt cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now ſyringing, and I hope to profit by it. My couſin is here, and well, and I ſee him ſometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting

pecting more from court, and is juſtifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given yours compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have ſeen Mr. *Butler*, and ſerved him to the utmoſt of my power with my *amici potentiores*. Though he had a good cauſe, and a ſtrong recommendation, he truſted wholly to neither of them, but added the greateſt diligence in his ſolicitations.

Auditor *Harley* thanks you, for remembering him and his ſinging man *. As to the affair of ſubſcriptions, do all at your leiſure, and in the manner you judge moſt proper; and ſo I bid you heartily farewel, aſſuring you, that I am moſt truly your's,

M. P.

Friend *Ford* ſalutes you. Adieu.

Richardſon, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord *Harley* (whoſe it is) has a ſtamp taken by *Vertue*. He has given me ſome of them for you to give to our friends

* Probably a perſon recommended to the dean's cathedral.

at

at or about *Dublin*. I will ſend them by *Tonſon*'s canal to *Hyde* at *Dublin*, in ſuch a manner, as that, I hope, they may come ſafe to you.

LETTER CCIV.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Mildenhall, near Newmarket, in Suffolk, October 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days ſince, at which time the duke of *Grafton* † was at *London*; but as he was ſoon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it beſt, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of ſpeaking to him; and yeſterday I went over to his houſe, on purpoſe to obey your commands. I found he was not a ſtranger to the ſubject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the ſtory very perfect, and told me, my lord *Arran* had ſpoke to him concerning it *. I added

† 'Charles, whoſe mother *Iſabella*, daughter of *Henry Bennet*, earl of *Arlington*, married to her ſecond husband Sir *Thomas Hanmer*.'

* The proſecution of *Waters*. See the following letter from Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*.

my ſolicitations, backed with the reaſons, with which you had furniſhed me; and he was ſo kind to promiſe, he would by this poſt write to the chief juſtice; how explicitly or how preciſely I cannot ſay, becauſe men in high poſts are afraid of being poſitive in their anſwers; but I hope it will be in ſuch a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be beſt, that the means ſhould be a ſecret by which it is brought about; and for this reaſon you will excuſe me, if I avoid putting my name to the outſide of my letter, leſt it ſhould excite the curioſity of the *Poſt-Office*. If this affair ends to your ſatisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cauſe of hearing from you, and an occaſion of aſſuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

THO. HANMER.

LETTER CCV.

Sir CONSTANTINE PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Ormond-Street, January 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indiſpoſed, I went at *Chriſtmas* into the country, which prevented

prevented me from ſooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to *Waters's* † caſe, I was informed of it; and the laſt term I ſpoke to Mr. attorney-general ‡ about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal caſe, without direction from the king: ſo that *Waters* is not like to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have ſome hopes it will drop in *Ireland*. I think the chief juſtice * ſhould have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off ſo; for I believe the oldeſt man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any inſtance of ſuch a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the proſecution, which made me very

† Dr. *Swift's* printer: he was proſecuted for printing *A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of the* Iriſh *Manufactures*, ſaid by miſtake to have been written in 1721. The dean, in his letter to *Pope*, dated *January* 10, 1721, ſays, that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; but that, notwithſtanding, they brought him in not guilty. That *Whitſhed*, the judge, ſent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a ſpecial verdict. The duke of *Grafton*, lord lieutenant, ſoon after, upon mature advice, and permiſſion from *England*, granted a *noli proſequi*.

‡ 'Sir *Robert Raymond*.'

* *Whitſhed*.

zealous in it; which I ſhall be in every thing, wherein I can be ſerviceable to that gentleman, for whom no body has a greater eſteem than your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CCVI.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, February 28, 1720-21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon, that I have not writ to you, is a queſtion; for our correſpondence has been ſo long interrupted, that I ſwear I don't know which of us wrote laſt. In all caſes, I aſſure you of my continual friendſhip, and kindeſt remembrance of you; and, with great pleaſure, expect the ſame from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminiſh.

Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub Regno Cynaræ —— Paſs for that.

I am tired with politics, and loſt in the *South-ſea*. The roaring of the waves, and the

the madneſs of the people, were juſtly put together. I can ſend you no ſort of news, that holds either connexion or ſenſe. It is all wilder than St. *Anthony*'s dream; and the *bagatelle* is more ſolid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend *Ox*—— is not well, and continues in *Herefordſhire*. *John* of *Bucks* † died laſt week, and *Coningſby* was ſent laſt week to the *Tower*. I frequently drink your health with lord *Harley*, who is always the ſame good man, and grows daily more beloved as more univerſally known. I do ſo too with our honeſt good-natured friend *Ford*, whom I love for many good reaſons, and particularly for that he loves you.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to ſee you this ſummer? Anſwer me theſe queſtions. Give my ſervice to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and eſteem, dear Sir, your's,

M. PRIOR.

† 'John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamſhire.'

LETTER CCVII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, April 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the queſtion. A letter from you ſometimes is what I deſire. Reſerve your tropes and periods for thoſe you love leſs; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or conſtruing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are ſo eſtabliſhed authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of cenſure: and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing elſe, we deſerved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. *Dan. Hayes*, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendſhip in that affair ought to claim, and your generoſity does contemn. There's one turn for you: good.

The

The man you mentioned in your laſt has been in the country theſe two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you obſerve of him is ſo true, that his ſickneſs is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public diſtractions force ſomebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige ſomebody elſe to ſend for him in open triumph, and ſet him in *ſtatu quo prius*. That, in the mean time, he has foreſeen all that has happened; checkmated all the miniſtry; and, to divert himſelf at his leiſure hours, has laid all thoſe lime-twigs for his neighbour *Coningſby* *, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himſelf ſlipt ſo cunningly and eaſily.

Things, and the way of mens judging them, vary ſo much here, that it is impoſſible to give you any juſt account of ſome of our friends actions. *Roffen* is more than ſuſpected to have given up his party, as *Sancho* did his ſubjects, for ſo much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cauſe, therefore, which is ſomething originally like that of

* 'Thomas, earl of *Coningſby*, created ſo by king *George* I. in 1719.'

Latrin, is oppoſed, or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly ſuſtained by the miniſtry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of moſt men, than he is; and I wiſh our friend *Har*------* were higher than he is.

Our young *Harley*'s vice is no more covetouſneſs, than plainneſs of ſpeech is that of his couſin *Tom*. His lordſhip is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of miſtakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: Of the miniſters I ſpeak, for the moſt part, as well eccleſiaſtical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am ſure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend *Shelton*, commonly called *Dear Dick*, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

LETTER CCVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July the 28th, 1721.

I NEVER was ſo angry in all my life, as I was with you laſt week, on the receipt

* 'Lord *Harcourt*.'

of

[illegible]

in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, tho' you have wit, and virtue, tho' you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprized, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into an hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and, as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter *Law* *

* The projector of the *Mississipi* scheme in *France*, which produced the *South-sea* scheme here.

half

half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is, that I might have gained immenſely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of theſe kinds, which *France* furniſhed, and which *England* ſent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any ſecret, very negligently: and if I have ſecured enough to content me, it was becauſe I was ſoon contented. I am ſorry to hear you confeſs, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, ſink into your heart, the proper ſeat of paſſions. *Plato*, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be deſirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etſi non aſtuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore ſapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into *Sicily* with this maxim, eſpecially ſince he got fourſcore talents of the tyrant. But I can aſſure you, that he went to the elder *Dionyſius* only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and

children, to try his *Utopia*. *Ariſtippus* was in *Sicily* at the ſame time; and there paſſed ſome *Billingſgate* between theſe reverend perſons. This philoſopher had a much ſtronger fancy to grow rich than *Plato*; he flattered, he cracked jeſts, and danced over a ſtick to get ſome of the *Sicilian* gold; but ſtill even he took care, *ſibi res, non ſe rebus ſubmittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who bluſhed, and ſhrunk back, when his maſter ſhewed him the way to the bawdy-houſe. *Non ingredi turpe eſt, ſed egredi non poſſe turpe eſt*. The concluſion of all is this; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cente mille livres de rente*, if you pleaſe; but a wiſe man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuſe riches, when they offer themſelves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without ſuffering it to become neceſſary to us. And, to finiſh with one of *Seneca*'s quaint ſentences; *Let us place it ſo, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us*. The paſſage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. *Solon* thought for

nay,

nay, he went further: and you remember the reaſon he gave for ſitting in the council of *Piſiſtratus*, whom he had done his utmoſt to oppoſe; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epiſtle is not writ by *Cicero*, as you ſeem to think. It is, if I miſtake not, an epiſtle of *Dolabella* to him. *Cato*, you ſay, would not be of the ſame mind. *Cato* is a moſt venerable name, and *Dolabella* was but a ſcoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better ſenſe, nay, there is more virtue, in what *Dolabella* adviſes, than in the conduct of *Cato*. I muſt own my weakneſs to you. This *Cato*, ſo ſung by *Lucan* in every page, and ſo much better ſung by *Virgil* in half a line, ſtrikes me with no great reſpect. When I ſee him painted in all the glorious colours, which eloquence furniſhes, I call to mind that image of him, which *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, or to ſomebody elſe; where he ſays, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the ſenate, they made *Cato* riſe to ſpeak, and that he talked till the hour of propoſing matters was over. *Tully* inſinuates, that they often made this

uſe

uſe of him. Does not the moving picture ſhift? Do you not behold *Clarke* of *Tantoldean*, in the gown of a *Roman* ſenator, ſending out the members to piſs? The cenſor uſed ſharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had ſtrength to bear them. The ſecond *Cato* inherited this receipt without his ſkill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, becauſe it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He haſtened the patient's death; he not only haſtened it, he made it more convulſive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worſe than you repreſent it to be. The healthful *Indian* follows his maſter, who died of ſickneſs, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether thoſe charitable legiſlators exact the ſame, when the maſter is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over *Ireland* with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulſe; and I judge of your diſtemper as ſurely by the figures, into which you caſt your ink, as the learned doctor, at *the hand and the urinal* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You ſay your memory declines. I

believe

believe it does, ſince you forget your friends, and ſince repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that *Plato*, ſince you have ſet me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a *Bœotian*) would have ſaid of the *ultima Thule?* Shake off your lazineſs, ramble over hither, and ſpend ſome months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life ſingular enough to hit your humour; ſo near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; ſo far from the world, as to be a ſtranger to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing, which goes to the eaſe and happineſs of life; embarraſſed by nothing, which is cumberſome. I dare almoſt venture to ſay, that you will like us better than the perſons you live with, and that we ſhall be able to make you retrograde (that I may uſe a canonical ſimile) as the ſun did on the dial of *Hezechias*, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We

will

will reſtore to you the *nigros anguſto fronte capillos*; and, with them, the *dulcè loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mærere proterva. Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum miſerâ ambitione gravique*, and not your's.

I was going to finiſh with my ſheet of paper; but having bethought myſelf, that you deſerve ſome more puniſhment, and calling all my anger againſt you to my aid, I reſolve, ſince I am this morning in the humour of ſcribbling, to make my letter at leaſt as long as one of your ſermons; and, if you do not mend, my next ſhall be as long as one of Dr. *Manton*'s *, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be an high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You muſt know, that I am as buſy about my hermitage, which is between the *Chateau* and the *Maiſon Bourgeoiſe*, as if I was to paſs my life in it: and, if I could ſee you now and then, I ſhould be willing enough to do ſo. I have in my wood the

* 'Thomas *Manton*, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of *Covent-garden* for nonconformity, after the reſtoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and publiſhed a large folio of ſermons on the 119th pſalm.'

biggeſt and cleareſt ſpring perhaps in *Europe*, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any, which flows in *Greek* or *Latin* verſe. I have a thouſand projects about this ſpring, and, among others, one, which will employ ſome marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inſcriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it ſhall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of *Spons* and *Miſſons* † yet to come.

Propter fidem adverſus reginam, et partes,
Intemeratè ſervatam,
Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenue ſaltem navatam,
Impotentia veſanæ factionis.
Solum vertere coactus,
Hic ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ
Injuſtè exulat
Dulcè vivit
H. De B. An. &c.

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never pleaſe the ear. In a pro-

† 'James Spon, M. D. and *Maximilian Miſſon*, were two eminent travellers, who have publiſhed their travels; in which are inſerted many inſcriptions.'

per place, before the front of the houſe, which I have new built, I have a mind to inſcribe this piece of patch-work.

Si reſipiſcat patria, in patriam rediturus;
Si non reſipiſcat, ubivis melius quam inter
tales cives futurus,
Hanc villam inſtauro et exorno:
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos caſus
Et fortunæ ludum inſolentem
Cernere ſuave eſt.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruniſcor.
Hic mihi vivam quod ſupereſt aut exilii, aut ævi.

If in a year's time you ſhould find leiſure to write to me, ſend me ſome mottos for groves, and ſtreams, and fine proſpects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my green-houſes, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The firſt is, *Hic ver aſſiduum atque alienis menſibus æſtas.* The other is, —— *fallentis ſemita vitæ.*

You

You ſee I amuſe myſelf *de la bagatelle* as much as you; but here lies the difference; your bagatelle leads to ſomething better; as fiddlers flouriſh careleſsly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in bagatelle.

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I'll take care, that you ſhall have my picture, and I am ſimple enough to be obliged to you for aſking for it. If you do not write to me ſoon, I hope it will fall down as ſoon as you have it, and break your head.

LETTER CCIX.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, September 1, 1721.

I DON'T know how to account for your long ſilence, unleſs your time has been taken up in making an intereſt with thoſe in power here, for one of the two archbiſhoprics, that, we hear, were void; (but I am very glad, are not ſo). Set your heart at reſt, for they are promiſed; and

therefore you may as well write to a ſiſter, when next you honour this kingdom with any diſpatches. As to any greater people, it is a ſhame to think how you have neglected thoſe of your own houſe. I had once determined to write to you no more, ſince no anſwer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was reſolved to teaze you, till at laſt, to be quiet, you would ſend me ſome plauſible excuſe at leaſt, for never enquiring after brother or ſiſter. I wonder when you'll be good-natured enough to come and ſee how we do; but *Ireland* has ſuch powerful charms, that I queſtion whether you would leave it to be one of our archbiſhops. I was at your brother *Arran*'s * a good while this ſummer, and have been much upon the ramble, or elſe you'd have ſooner had theſe juſt reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeaſing, but by a letter of at leaſt four ſides of paper: though I am ſo good a Chriſtian, upon this occaſion, as to be, notwithſtanding all this ill treatment, Sir, your moſt ſincere friend, and humble ſervant, M. ORMOND.

* Another of the ſixteen.

LET-

LETTER CCX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

January 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of *September*, above a fortnight ago; and ſhould have ſet you an example, by anſwering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever ſet me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the ſilence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thruſt myſelf into the hurry and rabble of an impertinent town. In leſs than ten days, which I ſpent at *Paris*, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my buſineſs there undone; and yet this buſineſs was to ſave four-fifths of four hundred thouſand livres, which I have on the town-houſe; *reſtes miſerables du naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and tho' I cannot hope to deſerve your eſteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expreſſion is equivocal; a fault, which our language often betrays thoſe, who ſcribble haſtily, into; but your own conſcience

will ſerve for a comment, and fix the ſenſe. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for uſing your credit above ſo generouſly in my behalf. To deſpiſe riches with *Seneca*'s purſe is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philoſophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like *H. Guy**, who, among other excellent pieces of advice, gave me this, when I firſt came to court; to be very moderate and modeſt in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I aſked for myſelf. You call *Tully* names, to revenge *Cato*'s quarrel; and to revenge *Tully*'s, I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great ſaint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed, he had a month's mind to be a Chriſtian, would reflect ſome honour on Chriſtianity, you em-

* '*Henry Guy*, who had been ſecretary to the treaſury during three ſucceſſive reigns. He died *February* 23, 1710, and left to *William Pulteney*, Eſq; late earl of *Bath*, near forty thouſand pounds, with an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a year; as the latter owns, in his *Anſwer to one Part of a late infamous Libel*, &c. publiſhed in 1731, p. 39.'

employed

ployed one of thoſe pious frauds, ſo frequently practiſed in the days of primitive ſimplicity, to impoſe on the world a pretended correſpondence between him and the great apoſtle of the *Gentiles* †. Your partiality in his favour ſhall biaſs me no more than the pique, which *Dion Caſſius* and others ſhew againſt him. Like an equitable judge, I ſhall only tax him with avarice in his proſperity, adulation in his adverſity, and affectation in every ſtate of life. Was I conſiderable enough to be baniſhed from my country, methinks I would not purchaſe my reſtoration, at the expence of writing ſuch a letter to the prince himſelf, as your Chriſtian Stoic wrote to the emperor's ſlave, *Polybius* ‡. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleaſure; tho' I join in condemning thoſe points, which he introduced into the *Latin* ſtile; thoſe eter-

† 'It conſiſts of thirteen letters, which ſeemed to St. *Jerome* and St. *Auguſtin* to have been genuine. But *Du Pin* (*Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Eccleſiaſtiques*, Tom. I. p. 24. Edit. 1690, quarto) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apoſtle or philoſopher, and have not the leaſt reſemblance to the ſtyle of either. This is likewiſe the judgment of the moſt learned among the modern critics.'

‡ '*Seneca de Conſolatione ad Polybium.*'

nal witticiſms, ſtrung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the paſſions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which *Eraſmus*, if I remember right, objects to him. He is ſeldom inſtructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new luſtre. I have lately wrote an excellent treatiſe in praiſe of exile ‖. Many of the hints are taken from *Conſolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his ſtile and manner; and there is as much of the ſpirit of the *portique*, as I could infuſe without running too far in the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which *Tully*, and I think *Seneca* himſelf, ridicules the ſchool of *Zeno* for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuouſly, that I began in jeſt, grew ſerious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myſelf, before I had done, of what perhaps I ſhall never convince any other, that a man of ſenſe and virtue may be unfortunate, but can ne-

‖ 'It is printed in his works, under the title of *Reflections upon Exile*.'

ver

ver be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with *Ariſtippus:* he is ſtill my favourite among the philoſophers; and, if I find ſome faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in ſaying, that I put you in mind of lord *Digby* *; but ſay it to no one elſe, for fear of paſſing for partial in your parallels, which has done *Plutarch* more hurt than it has done good to his *Grecian* heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable paſſage, which you mention. Great virtue, unjuſtly perſecuted, may hold ſuch language, and will be heard with applauſe, with general applauſe I mean, not univerſal. There was at *Athens* a wretch, who ſpit in the face of *Ariſtides*, as he marched firm, calm, and almoſt gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the *Athenians*, capable of the ſame vile action. And for the honour of my country I will believe, that there are few men in *England*, beſides lord *Oxford*, capable of hearing that ſtrain of

* 'George lord *Digby*, afterwards earl of *Briſtol*. Dr. *Swift*, in a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April* 5, 1729, and printed in his works, ſtiles lord *Digby* the prototype of lord *Bolingbroke*.'

eloquence,

eloquence, without admiration. There is a ſort of kindred in ſouls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. *Digby* and *Harley* are abſolute ſtrangers to one another. Touch an uniſon, and all the uniſons will give the ſame ſound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are ſore, and you will draw no ſound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inſcriptions, and I thank you ſtill more for promiſing to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correſpondents, as you are to beg pictures; but ſince I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good ſenſe, and a good friend, was the wiſh of *Thales*; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and an half of theſe three, is hard. I have heard of *Prior*'s death †, and of his epitaph ‡; and have ſeen a ſtrange

† 'He died Sept. 18, 1721.'

‡ 'In the following triplet, written by himſelf.

"To me 'tis given to die; to you 'tis given
"To live. Alas! one moment ſets us even.
"Mark how impartial is the will of heaven!"

Biſhop *Atterbury*, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated *September* 27, 1721, ſays; "I will take care to make good, "in every reſpect, what I ſaid to him when living, par-
"ticularly

book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor *, about the duke of *Buckinghamſhire*. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of theſe two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am ſorry, that the firſt of theſe perſons, our old acquaintance *Matt.* lived ſo poor as you repreſent him. I thought that a certain lord †, whoſe marriage with a certain heireſs was the ultimate end of a certain adminiſtration, had put him above want. *Prior* might juſtly enough have addreſſed himſelf to his young patron, as our friend *Ariſtippus* did to *Dionyſius*; You have money, which I want. I have wit and knowledge, which you want. I long to ſee your

" ticularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epi-
" taph; which, while we were on good terms, I pro-
" miſed him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I
" was dean of *Weſtminſter*."

* 'Richard Fiddes, D. D. publiſhed in 1721, in octavo, *A Letter in anſwer to one from a Freethinker; occaſioned by the late Duke of* Buckinghamſhire's *Epitaph; wherein certain Paſſages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality aſſerted*, &c. This was followed by *A ſecond Letter*, publiſhed the ſame year.'

† 'Edward lord *Harley*, who married, in *October* 1713, the lady *Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles*, only daughter and heir of *John* duke of *Newcaſtle*.'

travels;

travels‖; for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I ſaid. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good ſenſe, uſeful knowledge, and true religion, than you can ſhew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philoſophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to *Paris* in a month or ſix weeks time, and from thence will ſend you my picture. Would to heaven I could ſend you as like a picture of my mind: you would find yourſelf, in that draught, the object of the trueſt eſteem and the ſincereſt friendſhip.

LETTER CCXI.

Dr. SNAPE to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Windſor, April 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with ſome years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to aſſert the cauſe of our eſtabliſhment

‖ 'Gulliver's.'

againſt

againſt a prelate *, who was undermining it: and alſo to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. *Elford*, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to ſettle at *Armagh*. I cannot pretend to ſay, he has the ſame compaſs of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen ſo much admired; but I will venture to ſay, he has a greater compaſs of underſtanding; and, upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The other, that bears him company, was a very uſeful choreſter to us. His voice, ſince its breaking, is ſomewhat harſh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpoſe, eſpecially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I ſhall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleaſed to ſhew him, and be ready to approve myſelf, on any occaſion, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient and affectionate ſervant,

A. SNAPE.

* 'Biſhop *Headly*.'

LET-

LETTER CCXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, December 21, 1722.

AFTER every poſt-day, for theſe eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneaſineſs of ſpirit, and, at laſt, I have reſolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I don't deſerve you ſhould think ſo well of me as I really deſerve; for I have not profeſſed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only perſon of my acquaintance almoſt, that does not know it. Whoever I ſee, that comes from *Ireland*, the firſt queſtion I aſk is after your health; of which I had the pleaſure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you very often: no-body wiſhes you better, or longs more to ſee you. Duke *Diſney*, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I ſhould certainly meet you at the *Bath* the ſeaſon: but I had one comfort in being diſappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colick, that I have been often troubled with

of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at preſent, in *Burlington-houſe*, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me ſome knowledge of them; ſo that I can ſay, that it is not in their power to diſappoint me. You find I talk to you of myſelf; I wiſh you would reply to me in the ſame manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me ſo long, I have not loſt my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the ſame manner, as when you eſpouſed my cauſe ſo warmly; which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and ſincere humble ſervant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. *Pope*, upon reading over this letter, deſired me to tell you, that he has been juſt in the ſame ſentiments with me, in regard to you; and ſhall never forget his obligations to you.

LETTER CCXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of GRAFTON.

MY LORD, Dublin, January 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the dean of *Downe* a favourable meſſage from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whoſe eſtate is much incumbered by a long ſuit at law. I return my moſt humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable anſwer. I can aſſure your grace, that in thoſe times, when I was thought to have ſome credit with perſons in power, I never uſed it to my own intereſt, and very rarely for that of others, unleſs where it was for the public advantage; neither ſhall I ever be a troubleſome or common petitioner to your grace. I am ſorry the archbiſhop of *Dublin* † ſhould interpoſe in petty matters, when he has juſtly ſo much weight in things of greater moment. How ſhall we, the humbleſt of your addreſſers, make our way to the ſmalleſt mark of your favour? I deſired your ſe-

† 'Dr. *King*.'

cretary,

cretary, Mr. *Hopkins*, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and, if he thought my requeſt unreaſonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do ſo to himſelf, becauſe I have long done with court anſwers.

I heartily wiſh your grace full ſucceſs in all your great and good endeavours for the ſervice of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER CCXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, February the 3d, 1722-3.

YOU made me happy in anſwering my laſt letter in ſo kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deſerve; but I believe you gueſſed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not ſent to you by *Tooke*, *Jer-*

vais undertook it, and gave it to Mr. *Maxwell*, who married a niece of Mr. *Meredith*'s. I am ſurprized you have heard nothing of it; but *Jervais* has promiſed me to write about it, ſo that I hope you will have it delivered to you ſoon. Mr. *Congreve* I ſee often: he always mentions you with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of eſteem and friendſhip. He labours ſtill under the ſame afflictions, as to his ſight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not loſt any thing of his chearful temper. I paſſed all the laſt ſeaſon with him at the *Bath*, and I have great reaſon to value myſelf upon his friendſhip; for I am ſure he ſincerely wiſhes me well. We pleaſed ourſelves with the thoughts of ſeeing you there; but duke *Diſney*, who knows more intelligence than any body beſides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promiſed, upon my giving him notice, to make you a viſit. He often talks of you, and wiſhes to ſee you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. *Arbuthnott*'s, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no anſwer. He charged me to ſend you his advice, which is, to come

to

to *England* and ſee your friends. This, he affirms (abſtracted from the deſire he has to ſee you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to *Spa*, and drinking the waters there, would be of great ſervice to you, if you have reſolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try *England* firſt. I like the preſcription very much, but I own, I have a ſelf-intereſt in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. *Pope* has juſt now embarked himſelf in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to tranſlate the *Odyſſey* in three years, I believe rather out of a proſpect of gain than inclination; for I am perſuaded he bore his part in the loſs of the *South-ſea*. He lives moſtly at *Twickenham*, and amuſes himſelf in his houſe and garden. I ſupp'd about a fortnight ago with lord *Bathurſt* and *Lewis* at Dr. *Arbuthnott*'s. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expreſſing their want of you. I wiſh you would come, and be convinced, that what I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amuſement of the town, it is intirely muſic; real fiddles, baſs viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's nobody allowed to ſay, *I ſing*, but an eunuch, or an *Italian* woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of muſic, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not diſtinguiſh one tune from another, now daily diſpute about the different ſtiles of *Handel*, *Bononcini*, and *Attilio*. People have now forgot *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Cæſar*; or, at leaſt, they have loſt their ranks. For in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, in all polite converſations, *Seneſino* is daily voted to be the greateſt man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your aſſiſtance in introducing me into buſineſs. I ſhall this year be a commiſſioner of the ſtate-lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of ſome better and more certain proviſion for me. You ſee I talk to you of myſelf, as a thing of conſequence to you. I judge by myſelf; for to hear of your health and happineſs,

pineſs, will always be one of my greateſt ſatisfactions. Every one, that I have named in the letter, give their ſervice to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. *Pope*'s, and Mr. *Kent*'s*, to Mr. *Ford*. I am, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt humble ſervant,

J. G A Y.

LETTER CCXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Indorſed, Received 17th Nov. 1723.

I HAVE as good a right to invade your ſolitude as lord *B*——, *Gay*, or *Pope*, and you ſee I make uſe of it. I know you wiſh us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you ſhall have a ſheet of paper every poſt till you come to yourſelf. By a paragraph in your's to Mr. *Pope*, I find you are in the caſe of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bruſh, and found when day-light appeared, he was

* A celebrated improver, to whom *Pope*, ſpeaking of *Eſher*, a ſeat of the late Mr. *Pelham's*, pays a moſt elegant compliment:

"Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham*'s love."

within two inches of the ground. You don't ſeem to know how well you ſtand with our great folks. I myſelf have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent *Iriſh* whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I ſhould have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expoſtulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myſelf, if I had a mind, and I will propoſe a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late ſent ſeveral patients in that caſe to the *Spa*, to drink there of the *Geronſter water*, which will not carry from the ſpot. It has ſucceeded marvellouſly with them all. There was indeed one, who relapſed a little this laſt ſummer, becauſe he would not take my advice, and return to his courſe, that had been too ſhort the year before. But, becauſe the inſtances of eminent men are moſt conſpicuous, lord *Whitworth*, our plenipotentiary, had this diſeaſe,

diſeaſe, (which, by the way, is a little diſqualifying for that employment:) he was ſo bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the uſe of that water, to ſo great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your conſideration. Your friends here wiſh to ſee you, and none more than myſelf; but I really don't adviſe you to ſuch a journey to gratify them or myſelf; but I am almoſt confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The *dragon* is juſt the old man, when he is rouſed. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities juſt as of old. Lord *B*—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing elſe. The ſhaver * is an honeſt friendly man as before: he has a good deal to do to ſmother his *Welſh* fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than ſome would imagine. He poſts himſelf a good part of the year in ſome warm houſe, wins the ladies money

* 'Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; who in Dr. *Swift*'s imitation of *Horace*, Ep. vii. B. 1. is ſo called:'

"This *Lewis* is an errant ſhaver."

at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady *M*———†, Mr. *Hill*, and Mrs. *Hill*, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble ſervant, with a great ſtone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as chearful as ever in public affairs. He has kept, as *Tacitus* ſays, *Medium iter inter vile ſervitium et abruptam contumaciam.* He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can aſſure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has ſome few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather deſpiſed than puſhed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCXVI.

The Ducheſs of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, December the 9th, 1723.

I FIND by your's of the 6th of *November*, which I did not receive till laſt night,

† *Maſham.*

that

that you have been ſo good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three laſt never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I can't account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were ſtopped in the poſt-office, and interpreted, as moſt innocent things are, to mean ſomething very diſtant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am ſurprized at the account you give me of that part of *Ireland* you have been in: for the beſt I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For to remember with any kindneſs one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the *Iriſh* are endowed with. I am very ſorry to hear you have got the ſpleen, where a man of your ſenſe muſt every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jeſts are too low to do ſo. Change of air is the beſt thing in the world for your diſtemper. And if not to cure yourſelf, at leaſt, have ſo much goodneſs for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a diſtemper we over-run with. I am ſure your company would go a great

way

way towards my recovery; for I aſſure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I ſhall have the good fortune to ſee you before I die.

I have no ſort of correſpondence with the perſon you have not ſeen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother * and mine know, that you remembered him, in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wiſh you had not encouraged my ſcribbling to you, when you find I am ſtill ſuch an inſipid correſpondent; but with that, which I hope will make ſome amends, am with great ſincerity and reſpect, your moſt faithful friend and humble ſervant,

M. ORMOND.

* 'In the ſociety of ſixteen, *Charles* lord *Butler* of *Weſton*, and earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*, on whoſe attainder he was elected chancellor of the univerſity of *Oxford*.'

LET-

LETTER CCXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

December the 25th, 1723 †.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your laſt. The gout had made me a ſecond viſit, and ſeveral perſons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illneſs to a diſtemper ſo deſirable. My toe pained me; theſe compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that inſtant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at laſt made me forget my pain. I told the perſons, who were ſitting round my bed, and who teſtified ſome ſurprize at ſo ſudden a change, that this powerful epiſtle came from *Ireland*. At which, to ſay the truth, I did not obſerve, that

† 'This letter appears to have been written from *France*, though lord *Bolingbroke* had come over to *England* in the latter end of *June* this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had paſſed the ſeals on the 28th of *May*.'

their

their ſurprize diminiſhed. But the dulleſt fellow among them, who was a prieſt, (for that happens to be the caſe ſometimes in this country) told the others, that *Ireland* formerly had been called *Inſula ſanctorum*: that, by the acquaintance he had at the *Iriſh* college, he made no doubt of her deſerving ſtill the ſame appellation: and that they might be ſure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de conſolation*, which he hoped I would be ſo good as to communicate to them. A learned *Roſycrucian* of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, ſmiled at the doctor's ſimplicity; obſerved, that the effect was too ſudden for a cauſe ſo heavy in its operations; ſaid a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the ſages, who deal in occult ſciences, have been laughed out of ſome countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in *Ireland*. I ſtopped theſe gueſſers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by aſſuring them, that my correſpondent was neither a ſaint nor a conjuror.

conjuror. They aſked me, what he was then? I anſwered, that they ſhould know it from yourſelf; and opening your letter, I read to them in *French* the character, which you draw of yourſelf. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced them to judge; but they all agreed, that my correſpondent ſtood in need of more ſleep, more victuals, leſs ale, and better company. I defended you the beſt I could; and, bad as the cauſe was, I found means to have the laſt word, which in diſputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakeſt of the company, that is, myſelf.

I flatter my friendſhip for you with the hopes, that you are really in the caſe, in which you ſay, that our friend *Pope* ſeems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuſe yourſelf, like that famous painter, who, inſtead of copying nature, tried in one of his deſigns, how far it was poſſible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among thoſe friends,

friends, whoſe misfortunes have given them an habitual ſourneſs. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never ſhall be ſo, unleſs I ſink under ſome phyſical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peeviſhneſs, which you ſet to my account. You might for ſeveral other reaſons retrench the proportions, which you ſet to the account of others, and ſo leave yourſelf without peeviſhneſs, or without excuſe. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in *Ireland*; but you are worſe than peeviſh, you are unjuſt, when you ſay, that it was either not in the power or will of a miniſtry to place you in *England*. Write *miniſter*, friend *Jonathan*, and ſcrape out the words, *either*, *power*, *or*; after which the paſſage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man * who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the ſkill to make a good uſe of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phœnomena, which have appeared in the moral world.

* Lord *Oxford*.

 I have

I have not a *Tacitus* by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you deſcribe your public ſpirit, it ſeems to me to be a diſeaſe, as well as your peeviſhneſs. Your propoſals for reforming the ſtate are admirable; and your ſchemes conciſe. With reſpect to your humble ſervant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You ſeemed at that time not ſo afraid of the nightingale's falling into the ſerpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epiſtle in metre. After rumaging among my papers I found it, and ſend it with my letter: it will ſerve to entertain you the firſt faſt-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendſhip, that it ſhall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in *Engliſh*, (for ſhe underſtands it) to a certain lady, the paſſage of your letter, which relates to her. The *Latin* I moſt generouſly concealed. She deſires you to receive the compliments of one, who is ſo far from being equal to fifty others of her ſex, that ſhe never found herſelf equal to any

any one of them. She ſays, that ſhe has neither youth nor beauty, but that ſhe hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance ſhe has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to caſt ſuch a miſt before your eyes, that you ſhall not perceive ſhe wants either of them.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Lady M———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, (Indors'd, Received 20th Feb. 1723.)

IT is impoſſible for you to imagine with what ſatisfaction I received your kind letter, and though I had been ſo long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendſhip in one, whoſe goodneſs to me hath always been abundantly more than I could deſerve. I had writ often to you, but having no ſafe conveyance, choſe rather to enquire after your health and welfare, of ſome people that could give me an account of it. And I do aſſure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a perſon living I have a greater friendſhip for than yourſelf, and ſhall have to the end of my life. Indeed, now, I can

only

only ſhew it in expreſſions, but I flatter myſelf you believe them ſincere. I long to ſee you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a moſt hearty welcome, and faithful friends, and none more ſo than her, who is your moſt affectionate humble ſervant, A. M———M.

My lord, children, brother and ſiſter, are your humble ſervants.

LETTER CCXIX.

Lord C———* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, June 20th, 1724.

TO begin by confeſſing myſelf in the wrong will, I hope, be ſome proof to you, that none of the ſtations, which I have gone through, have hitherto had the effects upon me, which you apprehend. If a month's ſilence has been turned to my diſadvantage in your eſteem, it has at leaſt had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindneſs of your reproaches, as well

* Lord *C*——— was then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. In the letter, to which this is an anſwer, the dean complained, that a former letter had been a month unanſwered. For both theſe letters of the dean ſee the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*, in 1765.

as by the goodneſs of your advice, that you ſtill retain ſome part of your former friendſhip for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you expreſs yourſelf: and I ſhall not forfeit my pretenſions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that ſhall give you occaſion to think, that I am inſenſible of it.

But to come to the point: your firſt letter is dated 28th *May*, your ſecond the 9th of *June*. By the date of this you will ſee, that the interval of ſilence may be accounted for by a few excurſions, which I have made into the country: therefore I deſire you will put the moſt favourable ſenſe.

The principal affair you mention is under examination *; and till that is over, I am not informed ſufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general averſion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

* 'Probably that of Mr. *Wood*'s patent for coining halfpence and farthings for *Ireland*, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of *England*, who, on the 24th of *July*, 1724, drew up a report, juſtifying the patentee.'

I hope the nation will not ſuffer by my being in this great ſtation; and if I can contribute to its proſperity, I ſhall think it the honour and happineſs of my life. I deſire you to believe what I ſay, and particularly when I profeſs myſelf to be with great truth, Sir, your moſt faithful and affectionate humble ſervant, C.

LETTER CCXX.

Lord C——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, Auguſt the 4th, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the laſt writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am reſolved to give you compleat ſatisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I ſhall be that laſt writer or not. Methinks I ſee you throw this letter upon your table in the heighth of ſpleen, becauſe it may have interrupted ſome of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not anſwering it, and ſo convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him leſs now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free ſpeaker and a philoſopher.

loſopher. Whatever you may think of it, I ſhall not be teſty, but endeavour to ſhew, that I am not altogether inſenſible of the force of that genius, which hath outſhone moſt of this age, and when you will diſplay it again, can convince us, that its luſtre and ſtrength are ſtill the ſame.

Once more I commit myſelf to your cenſure, and am, Sir, with great reſpect, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

C. *

LETTER CCXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dean SWIFT.

September the 12th, 1724.

IT is neither ſickneſs, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor ſtupidity, which has hindered me from anſwering ſooner your letter of the month of *June*; but a very prudent conſideration, and one of the greateſt ſtrains of policy I ever exerciſed in my life. Should I anſwer you in a month, you might think yourſelf

* See the letter, to which this is an anſwer, in the volumes publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

obliged

obliged to anſwer me in ſix; and, ſcared at the ſore fatigue of writing twice a year to an abſent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) ſtop ſhort, and not write at all. Now this would diſappoint all my projects; for, to confeſs the truth, I have been drawing you in theſe ſeveral years, and by my paſt ſucceſs, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may eſtabliſh a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am aſhamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the deſcription of what paſſed by my bedſide in the reading of your letter. The ſcene was really ſuch as I painted it; and the company was much better than you ſeem to think it. When I, who paſs a great part, very much the greateſt, of my life alone, ſally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myſelf by the converſation I find there; and ſtill farther from caring one jot of what paſſes there. In ſhort, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in ſociety, it is purely for my amuſement. If mankind divert me (and I defy

them to give me your diſtemper, the ſpleen) it is all I expect or aſk of them. By this ſincere confeſſion you may perceive, that your great maſters of reaſon are not for my turn; their thorough baſs benumbs my faculties. I ſeek the fiddle or the flute, ſomething to raiſe, or ſomething to calm my ſpirits agreeably; gay flights, or ſoothing images. I do not diſlike a fellow, whoſe imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a ſcanty imagination by an ample fund of oddneſſes and ſingularity. If good ſenſe and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I deſire there may be at leaſt ſome latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occaſion, and render the perſon a tolerable companion. By this ſketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I paſs my time, you know. The living ones are of the ſame ſort, and therefore few.

I paſs over that part of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed miniſter*; and I promiſe you ſolemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more,

* The earl of *Oxford*, who died in *June*, 1724.

till

till I come to do him juſtice in an hiſtory of the firſt twenty years of this century, which I believe I ſhall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I muſt take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verſes I ſent you are very bad, becauſe they are not very good: *mediocribus eſſe poetis non dii non homines, &c.* I did not ſend them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticized them. *Pope* took the beſt party; for he ſaid not one word to me about them. All I deſire of you is to conſider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been ſo long out of my ſight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it ſhall be in proſe.

I muſt, on this occaſion ſet you right, as to an opinion, which I ſhould be very ſorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *eſprit fort*, in *Engliſh* free-thinker, is, according to my obſervation, uſually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the peſts of ſociety; becauſe their endeavours are directed to looſen the bands of it, and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of

that wild beaſt man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a ſcore others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous ſtructure, erected cloſe to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in *Engliſh*) of the former, to you who build, or at leaſt repair the houſe, and who ſhew the rooms, that, to ſtrengthen ſome parts of your own building, you ſhake and even ſap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be juſtified in ſeveral inſtances; but ſtill your intention is not to demoliſh: whereas the *eſprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is ſo ſet upon pulling down your houſe about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would deſtroy the other for being ſo near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only diſown, but deteſt this character. If indeed by *eſprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free uſe of his reaſon, who ſearches after truth without paſſion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wiſe and honeſt man, and ſuch an one as I labour to

be,

be. The faculty of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, true and falſe, which we call reaſon, or common ſenſe, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which moſt men loſe by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as abſurd, as it would be, if you ſhould put out your eyes, and borrow even the beſt ſtaff, that ever was in the family of the ſtaffs, when you ſet out upon one of your dirty journies. Such free-thinkers as theſe I am ſure you cannot, even in your apoſtolical capacity, diſapprove: for ſince the truth of the divine revelation of Chriſtianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which ſo much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of juſtice, theſe free-thinkers muſt needs be Chriſtians on the beſt foundation; on that, which St. Paul himſelf eſtabliſhed, I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum eſt, tenete.*

But you have a further ſecurity from theſe free-thinkers, I do not ſay a better, and it is this: the perſons I am deſcribing think for themſelves, and to themſelves.

Should

Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to diſturb the peace of the world by oppoſing you *. The peace

* Notwithſtanding the declarations made by lord *Bolingbroke* in this letter, he left his writings againſt religion to Mr. *Mallet*, with a view to their being publiſhed, as appears by his will; and with a poſitive and direct injunction to publiſh them, as appears by a letter from Mr. *Mallet* to lord *Hyde*, viſcount *Cornbury*, now in the *Britiſh Muſeum*. We have therefore his lordſhip's own authority to ſay, that he was one of the peſts of ſociety, even if the opinions, which he has advanced againſt religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to looſen the band of it, and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man. Expreſly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would ſubvert the morals and the happineſs of ſociety, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the miſchief, was perhaps an act of wickedneſs more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the hiſtory of any age or nation. *Mallet* had a pecuniary temptation to aſſaſſinate the morals and happineſs of his country at *Bolingbroke*'s inſtigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe he had leſs conviction of the miſchief he was doing; and it is alſo impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that he could ſeriouſly think any obligation to print *Bolingbroke*'s infidelity, in conſequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to ſuppreſs it, ariſing from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord *Bolingbroke*'s will, by which his writings are bequeathed to *Mallet*, the letter, which lord *Cornbury* wrote to *Mallet*, upon hearing he was about to publiſh the letters, including thoſe on Sacred hiſtory, and *Mallet*'s anſwer, are, for the reader's ſatisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord *Cornbury*'s

and happineſs of mankind is the great aim of theſe free-thinkers; and, therefore, as thoſe among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppoſe you, ſo thoſe, whom reaſon, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be ſorry, and may expreſs their ſorrow, as I have done, to ſee religion perverted to purpoſes ſo contrary to her true intention, and firſt deſign. Can a good Chriſtian behold the miniſters of the meek and humble Jeſus exerciſing an inſolent and cruel uſurpation over their brethren? Or the meſſengers of peace and good news ſetting all mankind together by the ears? Or that religion, which breathes charity and univerſal benevolence, ſpilling more blood, upon reflection and by ſyſtem, than the moſt barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conqueſt? Can he behold all this without an holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from thoſe tragical ſcenes, and conſiders the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be ſhocked to ob-

Cornbury's letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has atchieved ſince the world began.

ſerve

ſerve metaphyſics ſubſtituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the ſame breath with *Spinoſa*, whoſe ſyſtem of one infinite ſubſtance I deſpiſe and abhor, as I have a right to do, becauſe I am able to ſhew why I deſpiſe and abhor it.

You deſire me to return home, and you promiſe me, in that caſe, to come to *London*, loaden with your travels. I am ſorry to tell you, that *London* is, in my apprehenſion, as little likely as *Dublin* to be our place of rendezvous. The reaſons for this apprehenſion I paſs over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greateſt puniſhment to men of virtue, becauſe virtue conſiſts in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it ariſes, how it is nouriſhed, what the bounds and meaſures of it are; and after that, you will diſcover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes ſimplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthuſiaſm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be ſtiled unfortunate; but

but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reaſon, which Brutus gave, becauſe, wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which muſt, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other ſee a diſſertation upon this ſubject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you ſhall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the firſt to the laſt page.

The word *Ireland* was ſtruck out of the paper you mention; that is, to ſatisfy your curioſity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the moſt conſiderable one of the ſame kind. The perſon you are ſo inquiſitive about *, returns into *England* the latter end of *October*. She has ſo great a mind to ſee you, that I am not ſure ſhe will not undertake a journey to *Dublin*. It is not ſo far from *London* to *Dublin*, as from *Spain* to *Padua*; and you are as well worth ſeeing as *Livy*. But I had much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull com-

* His lordſhip's ſecond wife, a *French* lady.

pany,

pany, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promiſe, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament ſo much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleaſure ſhould I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?* Adieu.

LETTER CCXXII.

L' Abbé des FONTAINES * à Monſieur SWIFT.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1725.

J'AI l'honneur, monſieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en *François*. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, ſi je n'avois pas eté obligé, pour des raiſons, que je ne puis vous dire, d'inſerer dans la preface un endroit, dont

* *Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines*, born at *Roan* in *Normandy*, 29 *June*, 1685. He entered into the ſociety of the *Jeſuits* in 1700; but quitted it ſixteen years after. He lived for ſome years with the cardinal *d'Auvergne*, and died at *Paris*, 16 *December*, 1745, being well known for ſeveral works, and particularly for his *Obſervations ſur les ecrits modernes*, in a great number of volumes.

vous

vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'etre content, ce que j'ai mis assurement malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est debité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur *Carteret*, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele; mais tout ce qui plaît en *Angleterre*, n'a pas ici le meme agrément; soit parce que les moeurs sont differentes, soit parceque que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans une pays, ne les sont pas dans une aûtre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulù donner aux *François* un livre, qui fut a leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai meme pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination est echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui à eté debitée icy' avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y'a deja trois editions. Je suis penetré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé,

qui

qui ſi la ſuppreſſion, que j'ai faite, ne vous ſatisfait pas entierement, je ſairai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer juſqu'au ſouvenir de cet endroit de la preface : au ſurplus je vous ſupplie, monſieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la juſtice, que je vous ai rendû dans la même preface.

On ſe flatte, monſieur, qu'on aura bien tôt l'honneur de vous poſſeder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de vôtre arrivée; et tout *Paris* ſouhaitte de vous voir. Ne deferrés pas nôtre ſatisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous eſtime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, monſieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'etre perſuadé, que perſonne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'eſt avec plus de conſideration et d'eſtime, votre tres humble, et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

Mr. *Arbuthnott* a bien voulû ſe charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec *l'exemplaire*, que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

LETTER CCXXIII.

RÉPONSE de Monſieur SWIFT.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre lettre du 4. de *Juillet*, Monſieur; mais l'exemplaire de 2de edition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas eté encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'ay eté fort ſurpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je ſuis né, vous ayez trouvé a propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de ſon auteur, qui a eu le malheur de deplaire a quelques uns de nos miniſtres, et qui je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, qui je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne m'empeche pas de vous rendre juſtice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges exceſſives aux ouvrages, qu'ils traduiſent, et s'imaginent peut etre, que leur reputation depend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choiſis. Mais vous avez ſenti vos forces, qui vous mettent au deſſus de pareilles precautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais

livre, entrepriſe plus difficile, que celle d'en compoſer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous aſſurez etre plein de polliſoneries, de ſottiſes, de puerilites, *&c.* Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'eſt pas toujours le meme. Mais nous ſommes portes a croire, que le bon goût eſt même le par tout, ou il y a des gens d'eſprit, de jugement et de ſcavoir. Si donc les livres du ſieur *Gulliver* ne ſont calcules que pour les iſles *Britanniques*, ce voyageur doit paſſer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et le memes follies regnent par tout, du moins, dans tous les pais civiliſes de l'*Europe:* et l'auteur, qui n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume ou meme un ſiecle, merite ſi peu d'etre traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'etre lû.

Les partiſans de ce *Gulliver*, qui ne laiſſent pas d'etre en fort grand nombre chez nous, ſoutiennent, que ſon livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas ſon merité de certaines modes ou manieres de penſer et de parler, mais d'une ſuite d'obſervations ſur les imperfections, les follies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approvent pas fort votre critique, et vous ſerez ſans doute ſurpris de ſcavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaiſſeau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne ſort jamais de ſon ſerieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne ſe pique point d'avoir de l'eſprit, et qui ſe contente de communiquer au public dans une narration ſimple et naive les avantures, qui lui ſont arrivées, et les choſes, qu'il a vû ou entendu dire pendant ſes voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my lord *Carteret*, ſans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la verité; et que ce *Drapier* oú réel ou ſuppoſé á ſauvé l'*Irlande*, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depenſe du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Pluſieurs accidens, qui ſont arrivé, m'empecheront de faire le voyage de *France* preſentement, et je ne ſuis plus aſſez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver une autre occaſion. Je ſcais, que j'ay perdû beaucoup, et je ſuis tres ſenſible a cette perte. L'unique conſolation, qui me reſte, c'eſt de ſon-

ſyſtem of father *Mallebranche*, and who is fond of going a miſſionary into the *Weſt Indies* ‡. My zeal for the propagation of the Goſpel will hardly carry me ſo far; but my ſpleen againſt *Europe* has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of *Bermudas*, and ſpending the remainder of my days as far as poſſible from thoſe people, with whom I have paſt the firſt and greateſt part of my life. Health and every

‡ Dr. *Berkeley* formed a deſign of fixing an univerſity in the *Bermudas*, for the improvement of our colonies, and the education of *Indians*, to be employed as miſſionaries among their countrymen. For this college he obtained a charter, in which he was appointed preſident, and a certain number of fellows, ſelected by himſelf, were incorporated; but the deſign miſcarried for want of money. The ſyſtem of *Mallebranche* here referred to, was, "that our ideas are diſtinct from our underſtanding, and that we ſee all things in God." In other words, that material objects are not the cauſes of our ideas. *Berkeley*, in the early part of his life, wrote a diſſertation againſt the exiſtence of material beings, and external objects, with ſuch ſubtilty, that *Whiſton* acknowledged himſelf unable to confute it, and recommended the taſk to Dr. *Clarke*. The Dr. however did not perform it; and the diſſertation remains unanſwered to this time, except what has been attempted by *Baxter* in his treatiſe on the ſoul.

Bayle ſays, that *Mallebranche*'s ſyſtem was only that of *Democritus*, amended and unfolded.

See a farther account of Dr. *Berkeley*, in a letter from *Swift* to lord *Carteret*, dated *September* 3d, 1724, lately publiſhed in two poſthumous volumes by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

other

other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleaſures, we are philoſophers enough to deſpiſe them. What ſay you? Will you leave your *Hibernian* flock to ſome other ſhepherd, and tranſplant yourſelf with me into the middle of the *Atlantic* ocean? We will form a ſociety more reaſonable, and more uſeful, than that of doctor *Berkley*'s college: and I promiſe you ſolemnly, as ſupreme magiſtrate, not to ſuffer the currency of *Wood*'s halfpence: nay, the coiner of them ſhall be hanged, if he preſumes to ſet his foot on our iſland.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindneſs ſtill at the bottom of your heart for me, ſay ſomething very kind to me, for I don't diſlike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, ſay nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myſelf from you by degrees. Whether I ſhall compaſs it or no, God knows; but, ſurely this is the propereſt place in the world to renounce friendſhip in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* ſays, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your

ſtar * will probably hinder you from taking the ſame journey. Adieu, dear dean. I had ſomething more to ſay to you, almoſt as important as what I have ſaid already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

LETTER CCXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, October 17th, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneaſy when I am in diſtreſs; in conſequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a moſt kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. *Pope*, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a ſenſible pleaſure in telling you, that I think myſelf at this time almoſt perfectly recovered of a moſt unuſual and dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; ſuch a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and

* Mrs. *Johnſon*, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of *Stella*.

fleſhy

fleſhy part, I ſhould not have been well theſe three months. Duke *Diſney*, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of ſuch another. There have been ſeveral of them occaſioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet ſeaſon. People have told me of new *impoſtures* (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir *William Wyndham* is an *impoſture:* I hope the *Bath*, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of ſeeing once more the dean of *St. Patrick*'s revives my ſpirits. I cannot help imagining ſome of your old club met together like mariners after a ſtorm. For God's ſake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanſwerable arguments, that it is abſolutely neceſſary, that you ſhould come over to *England;* that it would be committing the greateſt abſurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is juſt poſſible to ſave your ſoul without it, and that is all. As for your book * (of which I have framed to myſelf ſuch an idea, that I am perſuaded, there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will ſet the letters myſelf,

* *Gulliver*'s travels.

rather

rather than that it ſhould not be publiſhed. But before you put the finiſhing hand to it, it is really neceſſary to be acquainted with ſome new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhauſtible ſource of invention in the way of folly and madneſs. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be ſo much coveted and taken up by the miniſtry; that, unleſs your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earneſt. Your deafneſs is ſo neceſſary a thing, that I almoſt begin to think it an affectation. I remember you uſed to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already beſpoke. It is worth your while to come to ſee your old friend *Lewis*, who is wiſer than ever he was, the beſt of huſbands. I am ſure I can ſay from my own experience, that he is the beſt of friends. He was ſo to me, when he had little hope I ſhould ever live to thank him.

You muſt acquaint me before you take journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you amongſt your friends. I am

called

called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I love and long to ſee you, and am moſt ſincerely, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCXXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT, then in *London* *.

DEAR SIR, (Indorſed, 1726.]

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highneſs begs the honour of a viſit from you on *Thurſday* night at ſeven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

I hope you will not engage yourſelf at that hour; but I ſhall ſee you before that time. *Tueſday*, 3 o'clock.

* The Dean went to *London* in the beginning of *April*, 1726; and this invitation was made by her royal highneſs, afterwards queen *Caroline*, ſoon after; but is uncertain on what day.

LET-

LETTER CCXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL †.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would ſend me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. *Johnſon*, I have long expected, with great oppreſſion and heavineſs of heart. We have been perfect friends theſe thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to *Ireland*, and have been ever ſince my conſtant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy ſcene, when one of them is gone, whom I moſt eſteemed, upon the ſcore of every good quality, that can poſſi-

† This gentleman was a foundling, and *Swift* uſed to call him *Melchiſedeck*, becauſe *Melchiſedeck* is ſaid to have had neither father nor mother: he was a clergyman, a maſter of arts, a reader, and a vicar of *Swift*'s cathedral, and maſter of the ſong: he was nearly of the Dean's own ſtanding in the college, had good ſenſe, and much humour. His wife was a woman of great ſprightlineſs, good-nature, and generoſity; remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her perſon, in her houſe, and at her table; the Dean therefore was of his gueſts, and contracted great intimacy with him.

bly recommend a human creature. I have theſe two months ſeen through Mrs. *Dingley*'s diſguiſes ‡. And, indeed, ever ſince I left you, my heart hath been ſo ſunk, that I have not been the ſame man, nor ever ſhall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it ſhall pleaſe God to call me away. I muſt tell you, as a friend, that if you have reaſon to believe Mrs. *Johnſon* cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to *Ireland*; and, in that caſe, I would expect of you, in the beginning of *September*, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will ſpend in ſome retirement far from *London*, till I can be in a diſpoſition of appearing, after an accident, that muſt be ſo fatal to my quiet. I wiſh it could be brought about, that ſhe might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the intereſt of all her fortune to her mother and ſiſter, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. *Stephens*'s hoſpital, to purchaſe lands for ſuch uſes there, as ſhe deſigns. Think how I am diſpoſed while I write this, and forgive the inconſiſtencies. I would

‡ Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. *Johnſon's* danger, in tenderneſs to the Dean.

not

not for the univerſe be preſent at ſuch a trial of ſeeing her depart. She will be among friends, that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all poſſible care, where I ſhould be a trouble to her, and the greateſt torment to myſelf. In caſe the matter ſhould be deſperate, I would have you adviſe, if they come to town, that they ſhould be lodged in ſome airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which beſides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that houſe to breathe her laſt in. This I leave to your diſcretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any perſon alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what ſteps to take; for I am determined not to go to *Ireland*, to find her juſt dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me ſo familiar with thoſe terrible words, applied to ſuch a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her eaſe in winter nights. I deſigned to have ſurpriſed her with it; but now I would have her know it, that ſhe may ſee how my thoughts are always to make her eaſy. I am of opinion,

opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendſhip, which muſt always leave the ſurvivor miſerable. On the back of *Brereton*'s note there was written the account of Mrs. *Johnſon*'s ſickneſs. Pray, in your next, avoid that miſtake, and leave the backſide blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I deſire, pray burn it; and let all I have ſaid lie only in your own breaſt. Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on *Auguſt* the fifteenth to ſet out for *Ireland*. I ſhall continue or alter my meaſures acording to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. *Dobbs*, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot poſſibly anſwer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you ſay about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to *Maule*, as I am told; and I aſſure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to thoſe in power hath been directly contrary, ſince I came here. I had rather have good news from you than *Canterbury*, though it were given me upon my own terms.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Thee Yahoos of *Twickenham*, JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN *,

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I reſolve to believe the contrary. I perſuade myſelf, that you have ſent at leaſt fifteen times within this fortnight to † *Dawley* farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long ſilence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no leſs than write a few lines to you; and I pleaſe myſelf beforehand with the vaſt pleaſure, which this epiſtle muſt needs give you. That I may add to this pleaſure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewiſe inform you, that I ſhall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that *Jonathan*'s ima-

* John Gay.

† The country reſidence of lord *Bolingbroke*, near *Cranford* in *Middleſex*.

gination

gination of buſineſs will be ſucceeded by ſome imagination more becoming a profeſſor of that divine ſcience, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, *Jonathan*, *Alexander*, *John!* mirth be with you.

From the banks of the *Severne*, *July* the 23, 1726.

LETTER CCXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Auguſt 6, 1726.

AT the time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. *Sheridan*, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor adviſes me to go over at the time I intended, which I now deſign to do, and to ſet out on *Monday* the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident ſhould happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the firſt of *September*, I would have you renew my licence of abſence from the ſecond of *September*, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and ſince it is not likely, that you can anſwer this, ſo as to reach me before I leave *London*, I deſire you will write to me, directed to

Mrs. *Kenah*, in *Cheſter*, where I deſign to ſet up, and ſhall hardly be there in leſs than a fortnight from this time; and if I ſhould then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be abſent a month or two in ſome parts of *Derbyſhire*, or *Wales*. However, you need not renew the licence till the firſt of *September*; and, if I come not, I will write to you from *Cheſter*. This unhappy affair is the greateſt trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having converſed ſo much with that perſon under ſuch circumſtances. Tell Dr. *Sheridan*, I had his letter; but care not to anſwer it. I wiſh you would give me your opinion, at *Cheſter*, whether I ſhall come over or no. I ſhall be there, God willing, on *Thurſday*, the eighteenth inſtant. This is enough to ſay, in my preſent ſituation, I am, *&c.*

My humble ſervice and thanks to Mrs. *Worrall*, for the care of our friend, which I ſhall never forget.

LET-

LETTER CCXXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; afterwards Earl of *Bath*, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. the 3d, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord *Chetwyn*'s; and though you had ſo much goodneſs, as to forbid my anſwering it at that time; yet I ſhould be inexcuſable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and ſtrength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illneſs. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to aſſure you, that, even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juſter regard for your merit than I have. I could wiſh, that thoſe, who are more able to ſerve you than I am, had the ſame deſire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I conſider it, and reflect who they are, I ſhould be ſorry they had the merit of doing ſo right a thing. As well as I wiſh you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by thoſe that I don't like. Mr. *Pope* tells

me, that we ſhall ſee you in ſpring. When we meet again, I flatter myſelf we ſhall not part ſo ſoon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer ſhare of your company than you did. All I can ſay to engage you to come a little oftener to my houſe, is, to promiſe, that you ſhall not have one diſh of meat at my table ſo diſguiſed, but you ſhall eaſily know what it is. You ſhall have a cup of your own for ſmall beer and wine mixed together; you ſhall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but ſuch as like you. I wiſhed mightily to be in *London* before you left it, having ſomething, which I would willingly have communicated you, that I do not think ſo diſcreet to truſt to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raiſed, as if it was a matter of any great conſequence: it is not that, though I ſhould be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may ſoon find a way of letting you do ſo.

Our parliament, they now ſay, is not to meet till after *Chriſtmas*, the chief buſineſs of it being to give money. It may be proper the miniſters ſhould know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have

run

run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that *England* ſhould be obliged to ſupport the charge of a very expenſive war, whilſt all the other powers of *Europe* are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raiſing the curioſity of ſome of our vigilant miniſters, and that they will open it; though we know it is not cuſtomary for them ſo to do. Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble ſervant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

LETTER CCXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. the 16th, 1726.

SINCE I wrote laſt, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in *Oxfordſhire* with the duke and ducheſs of *Queenſberry*, and at *Peterſham*, and whereſoever they would carry me; but as they

will go to *Wiltſhire* without me, on *Tueſday* next, for two or three months, I believe I ſhall then have finiſhed my travels for this year, and ſhall not go farther from *London*, than now and then to *Twickenham*. I ſaw Mr. *Pope* on *Sunday*, who hath lately eſcaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded acroſs his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord *Bolingbroke*'s coach from *Dawley*, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near *Whitton*, about a mile from his own houſe. He was thrown into the river, with the glaſſes of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glaſs to draw him out; by which, he thinks he received the cut acroſs his hand. He was afraid he ſhould have loſt the uſe of his little finger, and the next to it; but the ſurgeon, whom he ſent for laſt *Sunday* from *London* to examine it, told him, that his fingers were ſafe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good ſpirits, and the wound in a fair way of being ſoon healed*. The in-

* See lord *Bolingbroke*'s account of this accident, in his letter, dated *September* 22d, 1726.

ſtructions you ſent me to communicate to the doctor about the ſinger, I tranſcribed from your own letter, and ſent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to *Windſor Park* to viſit Mr. *Congreve*, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and ſupped on *Monday* laſt with lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, at lord *Berkeley*'s, at *Cranford*, and returned to *London*, with the duke and ducheſs of *Queenſberry*, on *Tueſday* by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great reſpect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wiſhes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on *Monday* next, but my week of attendance will be the firſt in *October*. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them diſpatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very ſlowly. I take your advice in this, as I wiſh to do in all things, and frequently reviſe my work, in order to finiſh it as well as I can. Mr. *Pulteney* takes the letter you ſent him in the kindeſt manner; and I believe he is, except a few excurſions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want

to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. *Pope* will follow your inſtructions. I have not ſeen Mrs. *Howard* a great while, which you know muſt be a great mortification and ſelf-denial; but in my caſe, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the ſame time: if I could, while you are there, one of them ſhould be always *Dublin*. But, after all, it is a ſilly thing to be with a friend by halves, ſo that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive, that we ſhall meet again ſoon. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and affectionate friend, and ſervant, J. G A Y.

LETTER CCXXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, September 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, theſe three days, whether I ſhould write to you firſt. Laying aſide the ſuperiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I conſidered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the

the dependency of *Ireland*; but, ſaid I, what if my friend ſhould diſpute this? Then I conſidered, that letters were always introduced at firſt from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In ſhort, my affection, and the pleaſure of correſponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, ſince you moſt diſdainfully, and barbarouſly confined me to two lines a month, I was reſolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a ſort of a compliment, to be ſuppoſed capable of ſaying any thing in two lines. The *Gaſcoyne* aſked only to ſpeak one word to the the *French* king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and ſaid, *ſignez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the ſinging man is in the hands of my daughter *Nancy*, who, I can aſſure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: ſhe has wrote about it. Mr. *Pope* has been in hazard of his life by drowning: coming late, two weeks ago, from lord *Bolingbroke*'s in his coach and ſix, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glaſs being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he

was

was very near drowned; for, the footman was ſtuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his aſſiſtance. He had that in common with *Horace*, that it was occaſioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapſa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large veſſel, loſt a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. *Howard*, who has a moſt intolerable pain in one ſide of her head. I had a great deal of diſcourſe with your friend, her royal highneſs. She inſiſted upon your wit, and good converſation. I told her royal highneſs, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a ſincere, honeſt man, and ſpeaking the truth, when others were afraid to ſpeak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the dutcheſs of *Marlborough*'s, with Mr. *Congreve*, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his ſtomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be caſt away going to *France*: there was a ſhip loſt juſt by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with moſt ſincere affection,

affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my intereſt. My dear friend, farewel.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

London, September the 22d, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER, who ſays he is in a few days going to *Dublin*, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot reſiſt the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to ſay more by this conveyance, than I ſhould have by that of the poſt; though I have lately clubbed with *Pope* to make up a moſt elegant epiſtle to you in proſe and verſe; and though I wrote the other day the firſt paragraph of that Chedder * letter, which is preparing for

* A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of ſeveral friends, each furniſhing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheeſe made at *Chedder* in *Glouceſterſhire*, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheeſe, which is thus made of new milk, or freſh cream; of which, one dairy not furniſhing a ſufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheeſe of milk or cream that has been ſet by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at leaſt is ſtale.

you,

you. The only excuſe then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will coſt you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor *Pope* in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank ſteep, an hole on one ſide, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In ſhort, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glaſſes were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glaſs, and pulled him out through the window. His right-hand was ſeverely cut; but the ſurgeon thinks him in no danger of loſing the uſe of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the ſhoulder downwards, which might create a ſuſpicion, that ſome of the glaſs remains ſtill in the fleſh. *St. André* ſays, there is none. If ſo, theſe pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him acroſs the water to ſee Mrs. *Howard*, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Juſt as I am writing, I hear, that doctor *Arbuthnott* ſays, that *Pope*'s pains are rheumatic, and have no relation

relation to his wound. He ſuffers very much; I will endeavour to ſee him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would ſay ſomething to you of myſelf, if I had any good to ſay; but I am much in the ſame way in which you left me, eternally buſy about trifles, diſagreeable in themſelves, but rendered ſupportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myſelf from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable ſepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next ſpring, and ſhall be glad to ſee you at my funeral. Adieu.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, October the 22d, 1726.

BEFORE I ſay one word to you, give me leave to ſay ſomething of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was ſent; and the anſwer was, that every thing was finiſhed and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be ſo in a very few days; ſo that, I think, there

can

can be no occaſion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. *Pope*, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the poſt-office, we ſuppoſe, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wiſh, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really ſo: the wound is quite healed; his hand is ſtill weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before *; but, I hope, it will be very little troubleſome or detrimental to him. In anſwer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find ſome lines of Mrs. *Howard*, and ſome of Mr. *Pulteney*, which you have not taken the leaſt notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monſieur *Davaux*, Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our *Twickenham* entertainments. The difficulty

* In the preceding letter he ſays, no tendon is cut: he muſt therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

of

of the ſaucepan, I believe you will find, is owing to a negligence in peruſing the manuſcript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a ſtew-pan. Your earthen veſſel, provided it is cloſe ſtopped, I allow to be a good *ſuccedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I ſhall be quite aſhamed to conſult Mrs. *Howard* upon your account, who thinks herſelf intirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promiſed: however, let her take it as ſhe will, to ſerve a friend, I'll venture to aſk it of her. The prince and his family come to ſettle in town to-morrow. That Mr. *Pulteney* expected an anſwer to his letter, and would be extremely pleaſed to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a ſlight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occaſioned by a cold, which my attendance at the *Guild-Hall* improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my adminiſtration, but the ducheſs of *Queenſberry*, who hath had a benefit of a thouſand pounds. Your mentioning

ing Mr. *Rollinſon* * ſo kindly will, I know, give him much pleaſure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the ſtrongeſt terms of friendſhip. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered ſo as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I ſhall be able to publiſh my fables ſoon after *Chriſtmas*. The doctor's book † is intirely printed off, and will be very ſoon publiſhed. I believe you'll expect, that I ſhould give you ſome account how I have ſpent my time ſince you left me. I have attended my diſtreſſed friend at *Twickenham*, and been his *amanuenſis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half *Virgil*, and half *Spencer*'s *Fairy-queen*. I ſtill deſpiſe court preferments, ſo that I loſe no time upon attendance on great men; and ſtill can find amuſement enough without quadrille, which here is the univerſal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, ſo that I determined not to ſtir

* 'A great friend of lord *Bolingbroke*, Dr. *Swift*, and Mr. *Pope*. He married the widow of *John* earl of *Winchelſea*.'

† '*Arbuthnott*'s tables of antient coins, *&c.*'

out

out of my lodgings till I had anſwered your letter: and, I think, I ſhall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the firſt paragraph of this letter) as ſoon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. *Stopford*: Mr. *Rollinſon* told me he ſhall know of his arrival, and will ſend me word. Lord *Bolingbroke* hath been to make a viſit to Sir *William Wyndham*. I hear he is returned, but I have not ſeen him. If I had been in a better ſtate of health, and Mrs. *Howard* ‡ were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. *Pope*'s to-day, to have dined with him there on *Monday*.

You aſk me how to addreſs to lord *B*——, when you are diſpoſed to write to him. If you mean lord *Burlington*, he is not yet returned from *France*, but is expected every day. If you mean lord *Bathurſt*, he is in *Glouceſterſhire*, and makes but a very ſhort ſtay; ſo that if you direct to one of them in *St. James*'s-*ſquare*, or to the other at *Burlington-houſe*, in *Piccadilly*, your letter will find them. I will make

‡ Afterwards counteſs of *Suffolk*, from whom *Gay* at this time had expectations.

your compliments to lord *Cheſterfield* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. *Ford*. Next week I ſhall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Your's moſt ſincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord *Bolingbroke* will be in town, at his houſe in *Pallmall*, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for ſtewing veal *.

Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then † what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;

* This is ſuppoſed to be the receipt of Mr. *Pulteney's* cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verſified.

† Vulgo, ſalary.

That,

That, which killed king ‡ *Will:*
And what never‖ ſtands ſtill.
Some § ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettice, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.
Put this pot of * *Wood*'s mettle
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee,—
Thrice as long as you preach †:
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

‡ Suppoſed ſorril.
‖ This is by Dr. *Bentley* thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parſley. Vide *Chamberlayne.*
* Copper.
† 'Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.'

LETTER CCXXXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, November 8th, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high poſt, dear Sir, was pleaſed to write me ſo long a letter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am ſorry your commiſſion about your finger has not been executed ſooner. It is not *Nanny*'s fault, who has ſpoke ſeveral times to Dr. *Pepuſch* about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for anſwer, that he would write for the young fellow; but ſtill, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myſelf.

Your books ſhall be ſent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my ſubſcribers names†. I will make over all my profits to you for

† 'To a work, in 4to, intitled, *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Meaſures, explained and exemplified in ſeveral Diſſertations.*'

the

the property of *Gulliver's* travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as *John Bunyan*. *Gulliver* is a happy man, that, at his age, can write ſuch a merry book.

I made my lord archbiſhop's ‡ compliments to her royal highneſs, who returns his grace her thanks; at the ſame time, Mrs. *Howard* read your letter to herſelf. The princeſs immediately ſeized on your plaid ‖ for her own uſe, and has ordered the young princeſſes to be clad in the ſame. When I had the honour to ſee her, ſhe was reading *Gulliver*, and was juſt come to the paſſage of the hobbling prince; which ſhe laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the leaſt brilliant. *Lewis* * grumbles a little at it, and ſays, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I ſuppoſe he will be able to publiſh like *Barnevelt* † in time. I gave your ſer-

‡ 'Probably, archbiſhop *King* of *Dublin*.'

‖ The dean ſent a preſent of ſome ſilk plaids from *Ireland*, for the princeſs of *Wales*, and the young princeſſes.

* '*Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq;'

† This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, *A Key to the Lock: Or, a Treatiſe proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem*, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion*. By *Eſdras Barnevelt*, Apothecary. The ſecond edition of this piece was publiſhed in 1715, in 8vo.

vice to lady *Harvey*. She is in a little ſort of a miff about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of *Molly Mog*, and ſent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and deſired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. *Pulteney* and lord *Cheſterfield*, changed to ſingle entendres. I was againſt that, though I had a hand in the firſt. She is not diſpleaſed, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille ‡, deſcribing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a ſwarthy complexion, talking of their a——es, *&c.* The riddle is carried on in pretty ſtrong terms: it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to gueſs who were of the party. A great miniſter was for hanging the author. In ſhort, it has made very good ſport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: ſo is Mr. *Pope*. We ſhall

‡ Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

me,

meet at lord *Bolingbroke*'s on *Thurſday*, in town, at dinner, and remember you. *Gulliver* is in every body's hands. Lord *Scarborough*, who is no inventor of ſtories, told me, that he fell in company with a maſter of a ſhip, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with *Gulliver*; but that the printer had miſtaken, that he lived in *Wapping*, and not at *Rotherhithe*. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to ſearch for *Lilliput*.

We expect war here. The city of *London* are all crying out for it, that they ſhall be undone without it, there being now a total ſtoppage of all trade. I think one of the beſt courſes will be, to rig out a privateer for the *Weſt Indies*. Will you be concerned? We will build her at *Bermudas*, and get Mr. Dean *Berkeley* * to be our manager.

I had the honour to ſee lord *Oxford*, who aſked kindly for you, and ſaid he would write to you. If the project goes on of

* He formed a deſign of fixing an univerſity in the *Bermudas*. See note on *Bolingbroke*'s letter dated *July* 24, 1725.

printing ſome papers, he has promiſed to give copies of ſome things, which I believe cannot be found elſewhere. My brother *Robert* has been very ill of a rheumatiſm. Wiſhing you all health and happineſs, and not daring to write my paper on the other ſide, I muſt remain, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

Mrs. HOWARD (ſince Counteſs of ——) to Dr. SWIFT.

[Nov. 1726.

I DID not expect, that the ſight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in ſuch a hurry to ſhew your plaid to the princeſs, that I could not ſtay to put it into the ſhape you deſired. It pleaſed extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the firſt deſign; but as this is not proper for the public, you are deſired to ſend over, for the ſame princeſs's uſe, the height of the *Brobdingnag* dwarf multiplied by 2 ½. The young princeſſes muſt be taken care of; theirs muſt be in three ſhares:

ſhares: for a ſhort method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then meaſuring each ſide, you will find the proper quantity and proper diviſion. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of *Legado* †. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will ſoon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly neceſſary, that care be taken of diſpoſing of the purple, the yellow and white ſilks; and though the greens are for the princeſſes, the officers are very vigilant; ſo take care they are not ſeized. Don't forget to be obſervant how you diſpoſe of the colours. I ſhall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge ſafeſt. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be beſt managed.

The princeſs will take care, that you ſhall have pumps ſufficient to ſerve you till you return to *England*; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels *,

† See *Gulliver*'s travels.

* See *Gulliver*'s travels, where high and low heels are made the diſtinction of political parties.

and

and therefore adviſes your keeping cloſe till they arrive. Here are ſeveral *Lilliputian* mathematicians, ſo that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a ſufficient meaſure. Send it by the firſt opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many diſputes have ariſen here, whether the *Big-Endians* and *Leſſer-Endians* ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in *Lilliput?* I cannot conclude without telling you, that our iſland is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black † rabbits. May we not hope, and, with ſome probability, expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of *Houyhnhnms?* I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

SIEVE YAHOO ‡.

† This alludes to a famous impoſtor, *Mary Toſts*, of *Godalmin*, in *Surry*, called the rabbitwoman, who, in *Nov.* 1756, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and impoſed, among others, upon *St. Andrée*, a phyſician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

‡ *Sieve Yahoo* is a name given by *Swift*, in his *Gulliver's* travels, to a court lady.

LET-

LETTER CCXXXVII.

The EARL of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Novemb. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an anſwer to your's in a new dialect, which moſt of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes ſhe might have taught me to draw ſounds out of conſonants. But ſhe, being a profeſſed friend to the *Italian* ſpeech and vowels, would give me no aſſiſtance, and ſo I am forced to write to you in the *Yahoo* language.

The new one in faſhion is much ſtudied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (ſince a new turn) approves of it; but the women ſeem moſt ſatisfied, who declare for few words and horſe-performance. It ſuffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange diſtempers rage in the nation, which your friend the * doctor takes no

* Probably *Arbuthnott.*

care

care of. In ſome, the imagination is ſtruck with the apprehenſion of ſwelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent barb, and ſome take the braying of an aſs for the emperor's ſpeech in favour of the *Vienna* alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no uſe; men have loſt their titles; continents and iſlands have got new names, juſt upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and every man, whoſe wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that ſuch confuſion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the ſpells of a notorious ſcribbling § magician, who was generally ſuſpected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquiſition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of ſorcery preparing, and *Merlin*'s friends were afraid, that the exaſperated pettifoggers would perſuade the jury to bring in *bills vera*.

† *Gulliver*'s travels.

‡ '*Mary Toſts* pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the impoſture was detected.'

§ The dean.

For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in ſeveral ſhapes, at one time a drapier ‖ ; at another a *Wapping* ſurgeon **, ſometimes a nardac, ſometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raiſe the dead; that he had brought philoſophers, heroes, and poets in the ſame caravan from the other world; and, after a few queſtions, had ſent them all to play at quadrille in a flying iſland of his own.

This was the ſcene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations amongſt the *Lilliputians!* The greateſt lady in the nation reſolves to ſend a pair of ſhoes without heels to captain *Gulliver:* ſhe takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was ſent to, which is ſoon to appear upon her royal perſon; and now, who but captain *Gulliver?* The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to ſee him a biſhop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in ſuch imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

‖ In the drapier's letters againſt *Wood*'s halfpence.
** *Lemuel Gulliver.*

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

The EARL of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT, with an Invitation, &c.

SIR,

ONE of your *Iriſh* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *Engliſh* land, came to deſtroy the wicked brazen project *, deſires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parſon's-Green*. If you are not engaged, I will ſend my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tueſday* and *Thurſday* (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to ſee you, at his *London* houſe. On *Monday*, if I ſee you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate ſervant,

PETERBOROW.

Saturday evening.

* *Wood's* halfpence.

LET-

LETTER CCXXXIX.

Lady BOLINGBROKE † to Dr. SWIFT.

de Dawleo ce premier Fevrier 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monſieur, que vous vous plaignes de n'avoir point recû de mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traitte commes les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ay celle de vous ecire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoitre l'idée, que je me faiſois de vôtre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ay eu celuy de voir vôtre reverence, je ne me ſuis pas trouvée aſſes d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain monſieur *de Gulliver* avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ſi eteinte par l'air de *Londres*, et par des converſations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je

† 'Second wife of lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been ſecond wife of the marquis *de Villette*, chef d'eſcadre, nephew or couſin to madame *de Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siecle de Lewis* XIV. tom. II. p. 106. edit. *Amſterdam*, 1764, 24°. She died 18th *March*, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* ſurvived her, dying 15 *December*, 1751, aged 78.'

voulû

voulû me ſaiſir de ce moment pour vous ecrire mais je tomboit malade, et je l'ay toujours eſté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monſieur, de premier retour de ma ſanté de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je ſuis tres flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami monſieur *Gulliver*. J'apprend avec une grande ſatisfaction, qu'il vient d'etre traduit en *François*, et comme mon ſejour en *Angleterre* a beaucoup redoublé mon amitie pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je ſuis ravis qu'ils puiſſent participer au plaiſir, que m'a fait ce bon monſieur, et profiter de ſes decouvertes. Je ne deſeſpere pas que 12 vaiſſeaux que la *France* vient d'armer ne puiſſent étre deſtiné, a une embaſſade ches meſſiurs les *Houhnhnms*. En ce cas je vous propoſerai, que nous faſſions ce voyage. En attendant je ſcay bon gré a un ouvrier de vôtre nation, qui pour inſtruire les dames, les quelles comme vous ſcavies, monſieur, (ſont icy un grand uſage) de leurs évantails, en a fait faire ou toutes les avantures de notre veridique voyageur ſont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur converſation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup

de

de tort a la pluye et au beautems, qui en rempliſoient une partie, et en mon particulier je ſerai privée des very cold et very warm, qui ſont les peu mots, que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces eventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d' *Irelande*, ſi tant eſt que vous en ayes beſoin ; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins ſi elles penſent commes les *Françoiſes*. Le ſeigneur *de Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, et moy ſommes icy occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainfaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, ſi ſoit de vou. Revenes ce printems nous revoir, monſieur, attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus peſant, et le cochon le plus gros, qui ſoit dans ma ferme : l'un et l'autre ſeront ſervis en entier ſur le table de vôtre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucunmon cuiſinier deguiſement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant queparmy vos Chanoins, et nous ne ſerons pas moins empreſſé a vous plaire. Je le diſputerai a tout autre, etant plus que perſonne du monde vôtre tres humble and tres obeiſſante ſervante.

LETTER CCXL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

February the 17th, 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I ſhall have leſs to ſay to you than I ſhould have by another conveyance, Mr. *Stopford* being fully informed of all that paſſes in this boiſterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one ſide, and rage on the other; ſatire on one ſide, and defamation on the other. Ah! *ou eſt Grillon?* You ſuffer much where you are, as you tell me, in an old letter of your's, which I have before me; but you ſuffer with the hopes of paſſing next ſummer between *Dawley* and *Twickenham*; and theſe hopes, you flatter us, are enough to ſupport your ſpirits. Remember this ſolemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a Dean, you are not great enough to deſpiſe the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafneſs muſt not be a hackney excuſe to you, as it was to *Oxford*. What matter, if you

you are deaf? what matter, if you cannot hear what we ſay? You are not dumb, and we ſhall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herſelf, and ſends you ſome fans juſt arrived from *Lilliput*, which you will diſpoſe of to the preſent *Stella* *, whoever ſhe be. Adieu, dear friend; I cannot in conſcience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. *Stopford*'s converſation. I am hurrying myſelf here, that I may get a day or two for *Dawley*, where I hope, that you will find me eſtabliſhed at your return. There I hope to finiſh my days in eaſe, without ſloth; and believe I ſhall ſeldom viſit *London*, unleſs it be to divert myſelf now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful.

* Mrs. *Johnſon* died the month preceding the date of this letter; but conſidering the connection between the Dean and that lady, and the tenderneſs, with which he was known to regret her loſs, this is a ſtrange expreſſion.

LETTER CCXLI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. *Pope* hath taken all I have to ſay, and put it into a long letter, which is ſent too by Mr. *Stopford:* but however, I could not omit this occaſion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, conſidering I have loſt him ſo ſoon, though he hath given me ſome hopes of ſeeing him in the ſummer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my ſucceſs, ſince I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. *Stopford* gave us, that we are like to ſee you ſoon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finiſhed, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needleſs to write, for Mr. *Stopford* can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Howard* deſires me to make her compliments; ſhe hath been in an ill ſtate of health all this winter, but I hope is ſomewhat better. I have been very much out of order myſelf for the moſt part of the winter: upon my being let blood laſt week, my cough and my head-ach are much better. Mrs. *Blount* always aſks after you. I refuſed ſupping at *Burlington* houſe, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with leſs than I aimed at the day before. I fanſy, in time, I ſhall bring myſelf into that ſtate, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with ſo little, leſt my good friends ſhould cenſure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be abſolutely neceſſary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How ſolicitous is mankind to pleaſe others? Pray give my ſincere ſervice to Mr. *Ford*. Dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

LETTER CCXLII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

May the 18, 1727.

I LIVED on *Tueſday* with you and *Pope*. Yeſterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat *, and I ſhall paſs this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the ſame manner; two-thirds to friendſhip, one third to myſelf, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epiſtle, a part of which you ſhewed me, mention is made of the author of three *Occaſional Letters* †, a perſon intirely unknown. I would have you inſinuate there, that the only reaſon *Walpole* can have had to aſcribe them to a particular perſon ‡, is

* *Dawley.*'

† Printed in his lordſhip's works. They were firſt publiſhed in *Feb.* 1726.

‡ This perſon was Mr. *Gay*; and though *Walpole* was afterwards convinced, that *Gay* did not write the letters, yet he never ceaſed to do him ill offices; and prevented the queen, who declared ſhe would take up the hare from providing for him, though *Swift* defended him to her majeſty in perſon, and told her the whole ſtory. See *Gay's* fables, and a letter from the Dean to lady *Suffolk*, dated *Nov.* 21, 1730; and another to lady *Betty Germain*, dated *Jan.* 1732-3, in the 2 vols. publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

I had

the authority of one of his ſpies, who wriggles himſelf into the company of thoſe, who neither love, eſteem, nor fear the miniſter, that he may report, not what he hears (ſince no man ſpeaks with any freedom before him) but what he gueſſes.

I was interrupted yeſterday when I leaſt expected it; and I am going to-day to *London*, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. *Pope* does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have ſlipped out of my memory. Do not forget the ſixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the adminiſtration. Adieu, I am very faithfully your's, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace *Pope*.

Friday morning.

LETTER CCXLIII.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Friday, 16th June, 1727.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for monſieur *de Morville*, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for monſieur *de Maiſon*, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance.

quaintance. Be ſo kind to go by *Calais*, or by the way to *Roüen*. I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country caſtle juſt by *Roüen*. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned *Engliſh*, ſince I am in *England*. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for *Paris* *, and provide you with all the requiſite conveniences. Vouchſafe to acquaint me with your reſolution. I ſhall certainly do my beſt endeavours to ſerve you, and to let my country know, that I have the ineſtimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem, your moſt humble, obedient, faithful ſervant, VOLTAIRE.

* *Swift*, at this time, was preparing to viſit the lord *Bolingbroke* in *France*.

LET-

LETTER CCXLIV.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE à Monſieur le Comte de MORVILLE, Miniſtre et Secretaire d'Etat à Verſailles.

MONSIEGNEUR, Juin 1727.

JE me ſuis contenté juſque-icy d'admirer en ſilence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'*Europe*; mais il n'eſt pas permis a un homme, qui aime vôtre gloire, et au qui vous étés auſſi tendrement attaché, que je le ſuis, de demeurer plus long tems ſans vous faire ſes ſincere complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honneur, que me fait le celebre monſieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous preſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſcai que ſa reputation eſt parvenüe juſqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoitre: il fait l'honneur d'une nation, que vous eſtimez; vous avez lû les traductions de pluſieurs ouvrages, qui lui ſont attribuez; et qui eſt plus capable, que vous, monſeigneur, de diſcerner les beautez d'un original à travers la foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je croi que vous ne ſerez pas faché de diner avec monſieur *Swift*, et monſieur

monſieur le preſident *Henault*, et je me flatte au que vous le regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſincere attachment à vôtre perſonne la liberté, que je prens de vous preſenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'*Angleterre* a produit, et le plus capable de ſentir toute l'etendüe de vos grandez qualitez.

Je ſuis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond reſpect et un attachmont remplis de la plus haute eſtime, monſeigneur, vôtre tres humble, et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCXLV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Saturday, at Pope's, [June the 24th, 1727.]

I AM going to *London*, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I ſee you, and leave for you, if I do not ſee you.

There would not be common ſenſe in your going into *France* at this juncture, even if you intended to ſtay there long enough to draw the ſole pleaſure and profit, which I propoſe you ſhould have in the acquaintance

I am

I am ready to give you there. Much leſs ought you to think of ſuch an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting *Ireland* for *England* is, I believe, fairly before you *. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown eſtates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without aſſuming a ſuppliant dependant's air, you may ſpend in *England* all the time you can be abſent from *Ireland*, & *faire la guerre à l'oeil*. There has not been ſo much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot anſwer for contingencies. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me juſt returning to *Cranford* from the *Pall-mall*.

I ſhall return again to *London* on *Monday* evening.

* See a letter from Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Sheridan*, dated 24th *June*, 1727. vol. xii. p. 213. *Bathurſt*'s edition, printed 1755.

LETTER CCXLVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Cranford, Tueſday.

I HAVE ſo ſevere a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly ſtir abroad. You will be ready to ſay, Phyſician, cure thyſelf; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yeſterday fourteen ounces of blood; and ſuch an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than ſteel, bitters, waters and drops. I wiſh *John Gay* ſucceſs in his purſuit; but I think he has ſome qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? poliſhed, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for ſlavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretenſion of dangling away life in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to ſerve thoſe, who have none; or, which is worſe than all the reſt, of making his reaſon and his knowledge ſerve all the purpoſes of other mens follies and vices. You ſay not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as ſeldom as poſſible. I

conſider

conſider myſelf as a man with ſome little ſatisfaction, and with ſome uſe; but I have no pleaſure in thinking I am an *Engliſhman*; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpoſe to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum ſemel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim diſcunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his reſiſtatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord † is returned, my kindeſt ſervices to him.

LETTER CCXLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday. [Indorſed, on going to France about June, 1727.]

YOU may be ſure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to ſo great a traveller, and ſo exact an author. I am obliged to ſtay in the country to-morrow, by ſome buſineſs relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpoſe a perſon is with me, who comes from *Suffolk* on my ſummons.

† Mr. *Pope*, the Dean being at *Twickenham*.

On

On *Tueſday*, by ſeven in the evening, I will certainly be in the *Pall-mall*, and there you ſhall have, if you meet me, and not otherwiſe, both my letters and inſtructions, which will be of uſe to you.

Raillery apart: ſince you do go into *France*, I ſhall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fanſy you would not leave *England* without embracing the man in *England*, who loves you beſt. Adieu. My beſt ſervices attend all with you.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Tueſday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over ſince you was here. They are extremely well; but the *Craftſman* has not only advertiſed the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for ſome weeks continued to appear under that new character. This conſideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occaſional Writer*,

Writer, to account for his ſilence, to proſecute your argument, to ſtate the preſent diſputes about political affairs; and, in ſhort, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myſelf better than I can do by a letter writ in haſte, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let *Pope* ſhare my embraces with you.

LETTER CCXLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Thurſday.

LORD *B.* is ſo ill, and ſo much alone, the common fate of thoſe who are out of power, that I have not left him one day ſince my return from *London*. Let me know how you are. Say ſomething very kind from me to *Pope*. Toſs *John Gay* over the water to *Richmond*, if he is with you. Adieu.

LETTER CCL.

Mr. PULTENEY to Mr. POPE.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliment, and, when the Dean is well

 enough,

enough, I hope to ſee you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you ſaw me laſt; for I flatter myſelf, that in an hour or two I ſhall be once more bleſſed with a ſon. Mrs. *Pulteney* is now in labour: if ſhe does well, and brings me a boy, I ſhall not care one ſixpence how much longer Sir *Robert* governs *England*, or *Horace* governs *France*. I am ever your's, W. P.

Eleven o'clock, *Tueſday* morning.

LETTER CCLI.

Mrs. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt, 1727.

I WRITE to you to pleaſe myſelf. I hear you are melancholy becauſe you have a bad head, and deaf ears. Theſe are two misfortunes I have laboured under theſe many years, and yet was never peeviſh with myſelf or the world. Have I more philoſophy and reſolution than you? Or am I ſo ſtupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I pleaſe myſelf, when I inſult over you? Anſwer theſe queries in writing, if

if poiſon or other methods don't enable you ſoon to appear in perſon. Though I make uſe of your own word poiſon, give me leave to tell you, it is nonſenſe; and I deſire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impoſe upon my underſtanding, by making no uſe of your own. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCLII.

Mrs. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

September, 1727.

I DID deſire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did deſire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that ſhould happen. I would take your giddineſs, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to reſemble you in one circumſtance of life. So that I inſiſt upon your thinking yourſelf a very happy man, at leaſt whenever you make a compariſon between yourſelf and me. I likewiſe inſiſt upon your taking no reſolution to leave *England* till I ſee you; which muſt be here, for the moſt diſagreeable reaſon in the

world, and the moſt ſhocking: I dare not go to you. Believe no body, that talks to you of the queen, without you are ſure the perſon likes both the queen and you. I have been a ſlave twenty years, without ever receiving a reaſon for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleaſure, once in my life, of abſolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one queſtion why I have given them.

LETTER CCLIII.

Chevalier RAMSAY * to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Paris, Auguſt 1, N. S. 1727.

MR. *Hooke* having acquainted me with what goodneſs and patience you have been

* 'Andrew Michael Ramſay, knight of *St. Lazarus* in *France*, and doctor of laws of the univerſity of *Oxford*. He was born in *Scotland* 9th of *June*, 1686, and educated a Proteſtant, but converted to the church of *Rome* in 1709, by *Fenelon* archbiſhop of *Cambray*, whoſe life he publiſhed. In 1724, he was ſent for to *Rome* by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two ſons; but the diviſions and jealouſies of that court induced him to deſire leave to return to *France*, where he was appointed governor of the duke of *Chateau-Thierry*, and afterwards of the prince of *Turenne*. He died 6 *May*, 1743, at *St. Germain-en laie*, at the age of fifty-ſeven. He is well known for his *Travels of Cyrus*, his *Life of Marſhal Turenne*, &c.'

pleaſed

pleaſed to examine a performance of mine†, I take this occaſion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more ſenſibly than your approbation. To acquire the eſteem of perſons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wiſh for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myſelf with. I ſhould be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way uſeful to you in this part of the world, where, I aſſure you, your reputation is as well eſtabliſhed as in your own country. I am with the utmoſt regard and eſteem, reverend Sir, your moſt humble, and moſt obliged, obedient ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER CCLIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Sept. 12, 1727.

I HAVE not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not neceſſary. By Dr. *Sheridan*'s frequent letters, I am every poſt expecting the death of a friend,

† The travels of *Cyrus*.

with whoſe loſs I ſhall have very little regard for the few years, that nature may leave me. I deſire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. *Brent*, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimé decet, uti manifeſtum eſt: habeo enim malignos, qui finiſtré hoc interpretabuntur, ſi eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur*. I am in ſuch a condition of health, that I cannot poſſibly travel. Dr. *Sheridan*, to whom I wrote this laſt poſt, will be more particular, and ſpare my weak diſordered head. Pray, anſwer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. *Dingley*, and deſire her to aſk it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the ſecond or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of *October*, (you will find by the date of the laſt) take out a new one for another half year; and let the ſame clauſe be in (of leave to go to *Great Britain*, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event ſhould happen of the loſs of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to *France*, if my health will permit

mit me to forget myſelf *. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. *Deacon*, or alderman *Pearſon*, come to pay rent, take it on account, unleſs they bring you their laſt acquittance to direct you. But *Deacon* owes me ſeventy-five pounds, and intereſt, upon his bond; ſo that you are to take care, of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. *Worrall* have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am ſincerely your's.

You need not trouble yourſelf to write, till you have buſineſs; for it is uncertain where I ſhall be.

LETTER CCLV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. HOWARD †, before his leaving *England*.

MADAM, Sept. 1727.

THIS cruel diſorder of deafneſs, attended with giddineſs, ſtill confines me. I

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to *Ireland*; and Mrs. *Johnſon*, after languiſhing about two months, died, on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age.

† This lady went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover*, with her huſband, and became

have been debating with myſelf, that having a home in *Dublin* not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my ſickneſs will allow me to travel. I am therefore ſetting out for *Ireland*; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troubleſome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and ſhall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me ſo far, as to preſent my moſt humble duty to the queen, and to deſcribe to her majeſty my ſorrow, that my diſorder was of ſuch a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as ſhe was pleaſed to permit me. I ſhall paſs the remainder of my life with the utmoſt gratitude for her majeſty's favours *. I am, &c.

of the bedchamber to the princeſs of *Brunſwick*, afterwards princeſs of *Wales*, and then queen *Caroline*. Upon the death of queen *Anne*, ſhe came over with her miſtreſs, and was reckoned the greateſt favourite at *Leiceſter*-houſe. Some time after the acceſſion of *George* II. ſhe was created counteſs of *Suffolk*, and in a few years retired from court. She ſurvived her firſt huſband, and married the honourable Mr. *George Berkeley*, brother to lady *Betty Germain*, in the year 1735. See Mrs. *Barber*'s letters, and thoſe of lady *Betty Germain*, in this collection.

* His opinion of this lady, and ſenſe of her majeſty's favours, are expreſſed very differently in other places: it

LETTER CCLVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, November 30th, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleaſure, of your ſafe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the beſt expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the incloſed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myſelf. Either you have not done me juſtice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curioſity wanted only to be gratified, I don't ſtand in need of a letter from yourſelf, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing, that you do or ſay; ſo that you had beſt take care of your

it is therefore to be preſumed, they were changed by ſome events ſubſequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in *England*. See verſes on his own death, and the letter of lady *Eliz. Germain*, in this collection.

conduct. You ſee of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aſide, I muſt aſk you, if you have any intereſt? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain *Innes*, I think in colonel *Wilſon*'s regiment, and now in *Limerick*? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has ſtuck long in a low poſt, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I ſhall proceed in this matter.

I was yeſterday with all your friends at *St. James*'s. There is certainly a fatality upon poor *Gay*. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aſide. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a *Smithfield* one) for a little place in the cuſtom-houſe, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to *Gay*. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and ſaid, he would not part with his place. I have begged *Gay* not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am ſure I ſhould not live a week. I long to hear of the ſafe arrival of Dr. *Delany*. Pray, give my humble ſervice to him.

As

As for news, it was wrote from *Spain*, to me, from my brother in *France*, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the miniſtry know nothing of it. Nay, ſome told me, that the anſwer was rather ſurly. Lord *Townſhend* is very ill; but I think, by the deſcription of his caſe, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-ſtairs yeſterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, *&c.* The firſt part of the diſcourſe was about you, Mr. *Pope*, *Curle*, and myſelf. My family are well: they, and my brother in *France*, and one that is here, all give their ſervice to you. If you had been ſo lucky as to have gone to *Paris* laſt ſummer, you would have had health, honour, and diverſion in abundance; for I will promiſe, you would have recovered of the ſpleen. I ſhall add no more, but my kindeſt wiſhes, and that I am, with the greateſt affection and reſpect, your's, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER CCLVII.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, In London, at the White Perruke, Covent-Garden, 14th Dec. 1727.

YOU will be ſurprized in receiving an * *Engliſh* eſſay from a *French* traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the raſh attempt of writing in *Engliſh*.

You will ſee by the advertiſement, that I have ſome deſigns upon you, and that I muſt mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the ſatisfaction of talking of you, as poſterity will do.

* An eſſay on the civil wars of *France*, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic poem, ſince well known. He had been impriſoned in the *Baſtile*, in *Paris*, but being releaſed about the year 1725, he came to *England*, and ſolicited ſubſcriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half, he had made himſelf maſter of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he publiſhed the eſſay here mentioned, with an eſſay on the epic poetry of the *European* nations, from *Homer* to *Milton*.

In

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make ſome uſe of your intereſt in *Ireland*, about ſome ſubſcriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almoſt ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The ſubſcriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the higheſt eſteem, and the utmoſt gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCLVIII.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT, after the publication of the *Henriade*.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of *French* dullneſs to my lord lieutenant. My lady *Bolingbroke* has taken upon herſelf to ſend you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is deſirous to do that honour to my book; and, I hope, the merit of being preſented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if ſhe has not done it already, I deſire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wiſh you a good hearing; if you have got it,

it, you want nothing. I have not ſeen Mr. *Pope* this winter; but I have ſeen the third volume of the *Miſcellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am aſhamed of mine. I am, with reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCLIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. the 15th, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is acted at the play-houſe in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* with ſuch ſucceſs, that the play-houſe hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered *Motte* * to ſend the play to you the firſt opportunity. I made no intereſt, either for approbation, or money; nor hath any body been preſſed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithſtanding which, I think, I

* 'Benjamin, the bookſeller.'

ſhall

ſhall make an addition to my fortune of between ſix and ſeven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleaſure, as I have puſhed through this precarious affair without ſervility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the ſame ſtate you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The ducheſs of *Queenſberry* hath ſignalized her friendſhip to me upon this occaſion, in ſuch a conſpicuous manner, that I hope (for her ſake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uſes, and ſuffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths †. Lord *Cobham* ſays, that I ſhould have printed it in *Italian* over-againſt the *Engliſh*, that the ladies might have underſtood what they read. The outlandiſh (as they now call it) opera hath been ſo thin of late, that ſome have called that the *Beggar's Opera*; and, if the run continues, I fear, I ſhall have remonſtrances drawn up againſt me by the royal academy of muſic. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear

† See the letter of *November* 9th, 1729.

from you ſoon. By my conſtant attendance on this affair, I have almoſt worried myſelf into an ill ſtate of health; but I intend in five or ſix days to go to our country-ſeat, at *Twickenham*, for a little air. Mr. *Pope* is very ſeldom in town. Mrs. *Howard* frequently aſks after you, and deſires her compliments to you. Mr. *George Arbuthnott*, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. *Peggy Robinſon*.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about buſineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and obedient ſervant,

J. G A Y.

LETTER CCLX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR, March the 20th, 1727-8.

I AM extremely ſorry, that your diſorder is returned; but as you have a medicine, which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have ſeen Dr. *Delany* at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. *Pulteney* at *Caſhioberry*, I have not

not yet returned his viſit. I went with him to wait upon lord *Bathurſt*, and lord *Bolingbroke*; both of whom deſire me to make you their compliments. Lady *Bolingbroke* was very much out of order, and with my lord is now at *Dawley*: ſhe expects a letter from you. Mrs. *Howard* would gladly have the receipt you have found ſo much benefit by: ſhe is happier than I have ſeen her, ever ſince you have left us, for ſhe is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The *Beggar's Opera* hath been acted now thirty-ſix times, and was as full the laſt night as the firſt; and as yet, there is not the leaſt probability of a thin audience: though there is a diſcourſe about the town, that the doctors of the royal academy of muſic deſign to ſolicit againſt its being played on the outlandiſh opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actreſſes laſt week, one of the players falling ſick, they were obliged to give out another play, or diſmiſs the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the *Beggar's Opera*; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have ſtaid.

I have

I have got by all this ſucceſs between ſeven and eight hundred pounds; and *Rich*, deducting the whole charge of the houſe, hath cleared already near four thouſand pounds. In about a month I am going to *Bath* with the ducheſs of *Marlborough*, and Mr. *Congreve*; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The ducheſs of *Queenſberry* is in *Wiltſhire*, where ſhe hath had the ſmall-pox in ſo favourable a way, that ſhe had not above ſeven or eight on her face: ſhe is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print publiſhed to-day of *Polly*, the heroine of the *Beggar's Opera* *; who was before unknown, and is now in ſo high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not ſurpaſs that of the opera itſelf. I would not have talked ſo much on this ſubject, or upon any thing that regards myſelf, but to you: as I know you intereſt yourſelf ſo ſincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had ſaid leſs.

I ſaw Dr. *Arbuthnott* laſt night with Mr. *Lewis*, at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who,

* Miſs *Fenton*.

if

if he had not the gout, would have anſwered your letter you ſent him a year and a half ago. He ſaid this to me a week ſince, but he is now pretty well again, and ſo may forget to write; for which reaſon, I ought to do him juſtice, and tell you, that I think him a ſincere well-wiſher of your's. I have not ſeen Mr. *Pope* lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs.† *Pope* are very well. I intend to ſee him at *Twickenham* on *Sunday* next. I have not drank out the *Gutheridge* cyder yet; but I have not ſo much as a ſingle pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of ſheets againſt your coming to town, ſo that we need not ſend any more to *Jervais* upon that account. I really miſs you every day; and I would be content, that you ſhould have a whole window to yourſelf, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

You have half a year's intereſt due at *Lady-day*, and now it is *March* the 20th, 1727-8.

† Mr. *Pope*'s mother.

LETTER CCLXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Bath, May the 16th, 1728.

I HAVE been at the *Bath* about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. *Lewis*, who is very much your humble ſervant. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are here; I think ſhe is better: they ſtay, as I gueſs, about a fortnight longer. They both deſired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. *Congreve* ‡, who is in a very ill ſtate of health, but ſomewhat better ſince he came here. I do not know how long I ſhall ſtay here, becauſe I am now, as I have been all my life, at the diſpoſal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a ſtock of health; ſome of which I wiſh to communicate to you. Dr. *Delany* told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fanſy, taking horſe is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The *Beggar's Opera* is acted here; but our *Polly* hath got no fame, though the actors

‡ 'He died 19th January, 1728-9.'

have

have got money. I have ſent by Dr. *Delany* the opera, *Polly Peachum* and captain *Macheath*. I would have ſent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finiſhed. I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard, that I had the honour to have had a ſermon preached againſt my works by a court-chaplain †, which I look upon as no ſmall addition to my fame. Direct to me here, when you write; and the ſooner that is, the ſooner you'll make me happy.

LETTER CCLXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Bath, July the 6th, 1728.

THE laſt news I have heard of you, was from Mr. *Lancelot*, who was at this place with lord *Suſſex*, who gave me hopes of ſeeing you the latter end of this ſummer. I wiſh you may keep that reſolution, and take the *Bath* in your way to town. You in

† 'Dr. *Thomas Herring*, then preacher to the ſociety of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and afterwards archbiſhop of *Canterbury*. Dr. *Swift*, in the Intelligencer, N° III. publiſhed in *Ireland*, ſpeaks with great aſperity of Dr. *Herring*, on account of his ſermon againſt the *Beggar's Opera*.'

all probability will find here ſome, or moſt of thoſe you like to ſee. Dr. *Arbuthnott* wrote to me to-day from *Tunbridge*, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had ſeveral relapſes of a fever: he tells me he is much better, and that in *Auguſt* he intends to come hither. Mr. *Congreve* and I often talk of you, and wiſh you health, and every good thing; but often, out of ſelf-intereſt, we wiſh you with us. In five or ſix days, I ſet out upon an excurſion to *Herefordſhire*, to lady *Scudamore's*, but ſhall return here the beginning of *Auguſt*. I wiſh you could meet me at *Gutheridge*. The *Bath* did not agree with lady *Bolingbroke*. Since ſhe went to *Dawley*, by her own inclination, without the advice of phyſicians, ſhe hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and ſpirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to ſtudy, but the heat makes it impoſſible. The d—of ——— * I hear hath run away with *Polly Peachum*, having ſettled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleaſure; and, upon

* The duke of *Bolton*, who afterwards married Miſs *Fenton*.

diſagreement,

diſagreement, 200 *l.* a year. Mr. *Pope* is in a ſtate of perſecution for the *Dunciad*: I wiſh to be witneſs of his fortitude, but he writes but ſeldom. It would be a conſolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is publiſhed from Mr. *Howard*'s painting; I wiſh to ſend you one, but I fanſy I could get a better impreſſion at *London*. I have ten thouſand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you intereſt yourſelf in every thing, that concerns me, ſo much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wiſh to hear every morning as ſoon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

LETTER CCLXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

September 28th, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my ſervant: ſo tell Mrs. *Brent* † and Dr. *Sheridan*; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commiſſions I troubled you

† His houſekeeper.

with. We have a deſign upon *Sheridan*. He ſent us in print a ballad upon *Ballyſpellin*, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abuſing his ballad, and *Ballyſpellin* too. I here ſend you a copy, and deſire you will get it printed privately, and publiſhed‡. I am ever your's, *&c.*

LETTER CCLXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, December the 2d, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am ſure it is the third, without any anſwer. If I had any aſſurance of your health, I ſhould have been more eaſy. I ſhould have wrote to you upon this ſubject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to *England*; which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are in town: ſhe hath been lately very ill, but is now ſomewhat better. I have had a very ſevere attack of a fever, which, by

‡ See the verſes in vol. xiv. *Swift*'s works, 8vo edition.

the

the care of our friend Dr. *Arbuthnott*, hath, I hope, almoſt left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, ſo that I hope ſoon to get abroad about my buſineſs; that is, the care of the ſecond part of the *Beggar's Opera*, which was almoſt ready for rehearſal; but *Rich* received the duke of *Grafton's* commands (upon an information, that he was rehearſing a play improper to be repreſented) not to rehearſe any new play whatever, till his grace hath ſeen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am ſure, I have written nothing, that can be legally ſuppreſſed, unleſs the ſetting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I paſſed five or ſix months this year at the *Bath* with the ducheſs of *Marlborough*; and then, in the view of taking care of myſelf, writ this piece. If it goes on, in caſe of ſucceſs, I have taken care to make better bargains for myſelf: I tell you this, becauſe I know you are ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf ſo warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I ſaw Mr. *Pope* on *Friday*, who, as to his health, is juſt as you left him. Dr. *Arbuth-*

nott particularly deſires his compliments; and Mrs. *Howard* often aſks after you. Prince *Frederick* is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wiſh I could meet you either abroad, or at home.

LETTER CCLXV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

From the Duke of Queenſberry's, in Burlington-Gardens,

DEAR SIR, March the 18th, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you ſeveral times; and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miſcarried. Mr. *Pope*'s letter hath taken off my concern in ſome degree; but I hope good weather will intirely re-eſtabliſh you in your health. I am but juſt recovered from the ſevereſt fit of ſickneſs, that ever any body had, who eſcaped death. I was ſeveral times given up by the phyſicians, and every body that attended me; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in ſo ill a condition, that I ſhould be miſerable for the remainder of my life: but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder

mainder of the diſtempers, that attacked me, which were at the ſame time, fever, aſthma, and pleuriſy. I am now in the duke of *Queenſberry*'s houſe, and have been ſo ever ſince I left *Hampſtead*; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been ſo ſevere.

I muſt acquaint you, (becauſe I know it will pleaſe you) that during my ſickneſs I had many of the kindeſt proofs of friendſhip, particularly from the duke and dutcheſs of *Queenſberry*, who, if I had been their neareſt relation, and neareſt friend, could not have treated me with more conſtant attendance then; and they continue the ſame to me now.

You muſt undoubtedly have heard, that the ducheſs took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cauſe of my play, and that ſhe hath been forbid the court for intereſting herſelf to increaſe my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the ducheſs had not met with this treatment)

ment) upon account of ill uſage from the miniſters; but this haſtened him in what he had determined. The play is now almoſt printed, with the muſic, words, and baſes, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends aſſiſtance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The ducheſs of *Marlborough* hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handſomely; but, as my account is not yet ſettled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cauſe of virtue, and againſt the faſhionable vices, I am looked upon at preſent as the moſt obnoxious perſon almoſt in *England*. Mr. *Pulteney* tells me, I have got the ſtart of him. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiouſneſs is the reward for my inoffenſiveneſs in my former life. I wiſh I had a book ready to ſend you; but, I believe, I ſhall not be able to compleat the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is ſtill in lord *Bathurſt*'s hands; but, I believe, I ſhall receive it ſoon: I wiſh to receive your orders how to diſpoſe of it. I am impatient to finiſh my work, for I want

the

the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my ſtrength; and I cannot leave the work till it is finiſhed. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with ſheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding ſheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be ſold for ſix ſhillings, with the muſic. You ſee I do not want induſtry; and, I hope you will allow, that I have not the worſt oeconomy. Mrs. *Howard* hath declared herſelf ſtrongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The ducheſs of *Queenſberry* is allowed to have ſhewn more ſpirit, more honour, and more goodneſs, than was thought poſſible in our times; I ſhould have added too more underſtanding and good ſenſe. You ſee my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increaſes by oppreſſion. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by miniſters of ſtate, and yet am in good ſpirits. Moſt of the courtiers, though otherwiſe my friends, refuſed to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of *England* take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the beſt of the citizens will

give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I ſhall write too much for you, and for myſelf. I have not writ ſo much together ſince my ſickneſs. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. *Arbuthnott*'s attendance and care of me ſhewed him the beſt of friends. Dr. *Hollings*, though intirely a ſtranger to me, was joined with him, and uſed me in the kindeſt and moſt handſome manner. Mr. and Mrs. *Pulteney* were greatly concerned for me, viſited me, and ſhewed me the ſtrongeſt proofs of friendſhip. When I ſee you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. *Pope*, Mrs. *Blount*, Mr. and Mrs. *Rollinſon*, lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wiſhers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. *Lewis*, nor lord *Bathurſt*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and lord *Gower*, and lord *Oxford*, among the number.

LET-

LETTER CCLXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 19th, 1728-9.

THIS is the ſecond or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; ſometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafneſs, which I am very ſorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I uſed my little intereſt as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you ſome account of your friends, many of whom have been in great diſtreſs this winter for *John Gay*. I may ſay, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble ſervant: for a phyſician, who had not been paſſionately his friend, could not have ſaved him. I had, beſides my perſonal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public perſon, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the ſame pleaſure in ſaving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preſerving

preſerving my lord chief juſtice *Holt*'s wife, whom he attended out of ſpite to the huſband, who wiſhed her dead.

The inoffenſive *John Gay* is now become one of the obſtructions to the peace of *Europe*, the terror of the miniſters, the chief author of the *Craftſman*, and all the ſeditious pamphlets, which have been publiſhed againſt the government. He has got ſeveral turned out of their places; the greateſt ornament of the court baniſhed from it for his ſake; another great lady in danger of being *chaſſé* likewiſe; about ſeven or eight ducheſſes puſhing forward, like the antient *circumcelliones* in the church, who ſhall ſuffer martyrdom upon his account firſt. He is the darling of the city. If he ſhould travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roaſted oxen ſacrificed to him, ſince he became ſo conſpicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his head, to ſee himſelf ſo much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by ſhewing his perſon: and, I can aſſure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and

lodged

lodged with in *Whitehall* two years ago. I have been diverting myſelf with making an extract out of a hiſtory, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wiſh I had your aſſiſtance to go through with it; for I can aſſure you, it riſeth to a very ſolemn piece of burleſque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite ſo deſperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in favour, as I am afraid the reſt are out of it. The king, upon the peruſal of the laſt edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honeſt man. I did not know till this moment, that I had ſo good an opportunity to ſend you a letter; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, being moſt ſincerely your's, *&c.*

LETTER CCLXVII.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, London, 10th April, 1729.

ONE of the greateſt pleaſures I propoſed to myſelf in a journey to *England*, was that of ſeeing you at *London*; and it is a very

a very ſenſible mortification to me to find myſelf diſappointed in ſo agreeable an expectation. It is now many years ſince I had the higheſt eſteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in ſome of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for reliſhing thoſe principles of univerſal religion, which I have ſince endeavoured to unfold in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr. *Leſley* * go back to *Ireland*, without ſeizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have ſhewn to make my work eſteemed. Such marks of friendſhip do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleaſure, and I hope I have a thorough ſenſe of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publiſh a new edition by ſubſcription. I have given an hundred copies of the propoſals to our friend, and flatter myſelf, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendſhip. I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

* Son of the reverend Mr. *Charles Leſley*, the famous Nonjuror.

LET-

LETTER CCLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, May 8, 1729.

I HAVE wrote three times to Mr. Dean of *St. Patrick's*, without receiving ſo much as an acknowledgment of the receit of my letters. At the ſame time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I ſhould hardly have brought myſelf to have written this, were it not to ſerve you, and a friend at the ſame time.

I recommended one Mr. *Maſon*, ſon of *Maſon*, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a ſinger in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from *Bath* laſt *September*. The ſame *Maſon* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my requeſt. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleaſant mellow voice, and has ſung ſeveral times in the king's chapel this winter, to the ſatisfaction of the audience. I beg at leaſt your anſwer to this. Your friends in

town, ſuch as I know, are well. Mr. *Pope* is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. *Gay* is gone to *Scotland* with the duke of *Queensberry*. He has about twenty lawſuits with bookſellers for pirating his book. The king goes ſoon to *Hanover*. Theſe are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am ſo little concerned about your health, as not to deſire to be informed of the ſtate of it from yourſelf. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother *Robin* is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, from, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCLXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, June 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. *Maſon*, whom I believe you will find anſwering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not ſo much as acquainted with

with his father or himſelf. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you ſome time ago, and for which I moſt heartily thank you. Let him now ſpeak for himſelf. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really ſenſibly touched with the account you give of *Ireland*. It is not quite ſo bad here; but really bad enough: at the ſame time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happineſs.

Your friends, whom you mention in your's, are well. Mr. *Gay* is returned from *Scotland*, and has recovered his ſtrength by his journey. Mr. *Pope* is well; he had got an injunction in chancery againſt the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad:* it was diſſolved again, becauſe the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. *Gay*'s caſe; for he has owned his book. Mr. *Pulteney* gives you his ſervice. They are all better than myſelf; for I am now ſo bad of a conſtant convulſion in my heart, that I am like to expire ſometimes. We have

no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that, in a little time, this matter of the proviſional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but remain, with my beſt wiſhes, and moſt ſincere affection, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCLXX.

Lady CATHARINE JONES* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Chelſea, June 11th, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of the 22d of *May*, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's † monument in the cathedral church of *St. Patrick*.

* 'Daughter of *Richard* earl of *Ranelagh*, who had been paymaſter-general and governor of *Chelſea* hoſpital, and great-niece to Mr. *Boyle*, being one of the grand-daughters of his ſiſter *Catharine* counteſs of *Ranelagh*.'

† A monument erected to the memory of archbiſhop *Jones*, and his ſon lord viſcount *Ranelagh*. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady.

Mr.

Mr. *French*, the preſent receiver of my father's eſtate, will be, ſome time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I ſhall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the deſire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean, from his moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

CATHARINE JONES.

LETTER CCLXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Auguſt 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of your's from *Pope*, and brought it with me to this place, that I might anſwer at leaſt a part of it. I begin to-day: when I ſhall finiſh I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been perſuaded to drink, and thoſe, which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The

afternoons are ſpent in airings or viſits, and we go to bed with the chicken *.

LETTER CCLXXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. the 9th, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon ſeveral occaſions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an anſwer before you had ſpoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I ſtill write and write on, without having a word of an anſwer. I have heard of you once by Mr. *Pope:* let Mr. *Pope* hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I ſhould have ſaid, very juſt to me. You ſeem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wiſh to be with you. I

* 'The reſt of the letter is printed in Mr. *Pope*'s works, Vol. IX, p. 141, *&c.*'

have

have been in *Oxfordſhire* with the duke of *Queenſberry* for theſe three months, and have had very little correſpondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote ſeveral years ago, called *The wife of Bath* †. As it is approved or diſapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I ſhall either have it acted, or let it alone, if my * * brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon ſuperſtition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make uſe of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common ſaying, that he is wiſe, that knows himſelf. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wiſe.

My lord *Bathurſt* is ſtill our caſhier: when I ſee him, I intend to ſettle our

† This comedy was the firſt he wrote, and was unſucceſsfully performed at the theatre in *Drury-Lane*, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived ſeveral years after [1729-30] at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, and damned a ſecond time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon ſucceſs of his *Beggar's Opera*.

accounts, and repay myſelf the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I ſhall be in town; not at *White-hall*, for thoſe lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were diſpoſed of. Direct to me to the duke of *Queenſberry*'s, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you miſtook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be ſure, but a dependance upon one's ſelf. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this reſolution kindly, and you ſee my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt ſincerely and moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with reſpect; value and eſteem her as I do; and never more deſpiſe a fork with three prongs. I wiſh too you would not eat from the point of your knife *. She hath

* See the letter of *Feb.* 15, 1727-8.

ſo

ſo much goodneſs, virtue, and generoſity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleaſure in obeying her as I do. She often wiſhes ſhe had known you.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, February the 12th, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the firſt I can call a letter: the other ſcraps were only to direct me to convey your correſpondence to others, and I thought I anſwered them beſt by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to ſend me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a poſt-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myſelf obliged to you, and how ſincerely I am——

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I can't part with you ſo ſoon; and I muſt let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off *John Gay*, I ſtill keep the 200 *l.* for which I have given him a note. I have paid him intereſt to this time for

for it, which he muſt account to you for. Now you muſt imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos paſcere nummos*; but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table *. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to diſpoſe of the largeſt; and I ſhall be ſure of getting off the youngeſt, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at *Chelſea*. Now you ſee, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raiſe a ſupply anſwerable to your demand. I muſt own to you, that I ſhould not have thought of this method of raiſing money; but that you ſeemed to point it out to me. For juſt at the time that ſcheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for *Ireland*, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice co-*

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intituled, "A modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of "poor people in *Ireland* from being a burden to their "parents or country, and for making them beneficial "to the public." The Dean had propoſed many uſeful ſchemes, which having been neglected, he ſatirically and humouroufly propoſes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent miſery to themſelves, and render them of ſome benefit to the public.

† 'Sir *Robert Walpole*.'

vers]

vers] that you wiſhed I might provide for my numerous family; and in this laſt you harp upon the ſame ſtring. I did immediately propoſe it to lady *Bathurſt* as your advice, particularly for her laſt boy, which was born the plumpeſt, fineſt thing, that could be ſeen; but ſhe fell in a paſſion, and bid me ſend you word, that ſhe would not follow your direction, but that ſhe would breed him up to be a parſon, and he ſhould live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, inſtead of being eat himſelf, he ſhould devour others. You know women in paſſion never mind what they ſay; but, as ſhe is a very reaſonable woman, I have almoſt brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters ſtood, we could not poſſibly maintain all the nine, ſhe does begin to think it reaſonable the youngeſt ſhould raiſe fortunes for the eldeſt. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he ſhould happen to get twins, the ſelling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilſt his wife lies-in with one child, he ſhould get a ſecond upon the

body

body of another woman, he might diſpoſe of the fatteſt of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this ſcheme, the more reaſonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to *Ireland*; for in all probability we ſhall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we ſhall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large aſſembly * not far from *Weſtminſter-hall*, and I found them roaſting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the leaſt inclination to a ſlice of him; but, if I gueſſed it right, four in five of the company had a deviliſh mind to be at him. You begin now to wiſh I had ended, when I might have done it ſo conveniently. Well, Adieu.

* 'The parliament.'
† 'Sir *Robert Walpole*.'

LETTER CCLXXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, March the 3d, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old ſtipulation. Had I not been every poſt for ſome time in expectation to have heard from you, I ſhould have wrote to you before, to let you know the preſent ſtate of your affairs. Let me know what I ſhall do with the intereſt-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myſelf, which will be always the way of my tranſacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no ſucceſs. I am going very ſoon into *Wiltſhire* with the duke of *Queenſberry*, with intention to ſtay there till the winter. Since I had that ſevere fit of ſickneſs, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another ſummer's air, and exerciſe, will reinſtate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, ſo that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very ſeldom abroad ſince I came to town, and not

once

once at court. This is no reſtraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wiſh for retirement. I ſaw Mr. *Pope* a day or two ago in good ſpirits, and with good wiſhes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the ſame. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our preſent ſituation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earneſt about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in *Burlington-gardens*.

LETTER CCLXXV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, March the 31ſt, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to ſet out for *Wiltſhire*, and am as impatient as you ſeem to be to have me get on horſeback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, becauſe Mr. *Lewis* told me laſt *Sunday*, that he was, within a day or two, to ſet out for the *Bath*; ſo that very

ſoon

ſoon you are like to have neither of your caſhiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this houſe: the letters will be ſent to me, where-ever I am. My ambition, at preſent, is levelled to the ſame point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of caſtles. If I were to undertake it in my preſent circumſtance, I ſhould, in the moſt thrifty ſcheme, ſoon be ſtraitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true ſpirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. *P*——; who is very much your humble ſervant. I have not ſeen the Doctor, and am not like to ſee his *Roüen* brother very ſoon; for he is gone to *China*. Mr. *Pope* told me, he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My lord *Oxford* told me, he at preſent could match your's, and from the ſame perſon. The Doctor was touched with your diſappointment, and hath promiſed to repreſent this affair to his brother, at his return from

China.

China. I aſſure you, for all your gibes, that I wiſh you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myſelf. When lord *Bolingbroke* is in town, he lodges at Mr. *Chetwynd*'s, in *Dover-ſtreet*. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in ſettling a ſteward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the juſtice and ſervice I can to a friend; ſo I am ſure you will think I am well employed upon this occaſion. I now and then have ſeen *Jo. Taylor*, who ſays he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his houſe in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body elſe; and he thinks it but reaſonable, that you ſhould either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I deſign to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The ducheſs wiſhes ſhe had ſeen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourſelf, and peep through the window, that day ſhe came to Mr. *Pope*'s. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble ſervant. If I were to write, I am afraid I ſhould incur the diſpleaſure

pleaſure of my ſuperiors. I can't for my life think ſo well of them, as they themſelves think they deſerve. If you have a very great mind to pleaſe the ducheſs, and at the ſame time to pleaſe me, I wiſh you would write a letter to her, to ſend to her brother, lord *Cornbury*, to adviſe him in his travels; for, ſhe ſays, ſhe would take your advice rather than mine; and ſhe remembers, that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always inſiſted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration ſufficient. Then too, when you were in *England*, ſhe writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed ſince for not delivering it.

The day the penſion bill was thrown out of the houſe of lords, lord *Bathurſt* ſpoke with great applauſe. I have not time to go to Mr. *Pope*'s: in a day or two very probably I ſhall ſee him, and acquaint him about the uſquebaugh. I will not imbezzle your intereſt-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I ſee how money may be imbezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I ſay nothing for myſelf,

but that I will do all I can: for the reſt I leave *Jo. Taylor* to ſpeak for me. To-day I dine with alderman *Barber*, the preſent ſheriff, who holds his feaſt in the city. Does not *Charteris*'s misfortunes * grieve you? For that great man is like to ſave his life, and loſe ſome of his money. A very hard caſe!

P. S. I am juſt now come from the alderman's feaſt, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The poſt is juſt going away.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, June the 30th, 1730.

I READ a letter from you ſome time ago, which gave me infinite pleaſure; and I was going to return you an anſwer immediately: but when I ſat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the ſcene of life in that buſy, ſenſeleſs place, where I then was †; and though I had no-

* 'He was condemned at the *Old Bailey* on the 27th of *Feb.* 1729-30. for a rape.'

† *London.*

thing

thing to do there, at leaſt nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was reſolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbiſh, which every one muſt contract in that place. I cannot but fanſy, if one of our heads were diſſected after paſſing a winter's campaign there, it would appear juſt like a pamphlet ſhop; you'd ſee a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of ſatires, ſpeeches, novels, ſermons, bawdy ſongs, addreſſes, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity, lectures, quack-bills, hiſtorical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myſelf quite clear from all thoſe affairs: but really, the hurry of buſineſs, which came upon me after a ſtate of idleneſs for ſix months, muſt excuſe me to you. Here I am abſolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at leaſt one hundred acres of ground, which (to ſpeak in the ſtile of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fiſh, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I reliſh extremely, and regulate this dominion, which

I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; but having read in hiſtory, that the ſouthern part of *Britain* was long defended againſt the *Picts* by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wiſe people the *Chineſe*, you know, did the ſame thing to defend themſelves againſt the *Tartars*. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be ſent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I ſhall have ſome obſervations made upon it, becauſe I am within three miles of a certain caſtle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, ſo far: and furthermore, I think myſelf in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our preſent juſt and prudent miniſtry, I do not fear the leaſt moleſtation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in anywiſe deſigned to keep them out; for I am well ſatisfied they can break through much ſtronger fences than theſe, if they ſhould have a mind to it. Obſerve how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd,

I have

I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midſt of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preſerving them, and grow fearful, leſt a certain great man ſhould take a fanſy to them, and tranſport them into *Norfolk* *, to place them in an iſland in one of his new-made fiſh-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only ſuppoſe it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either caſe I muſt confeſs to you, that I don't like it. In the firſt place, I am not ſure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter caſe, I have ſome reaſon to doubt the foundations of his houſe are not ſo ſolid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not ſo much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to deſire, that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to ſhew the advantages I might reap by being ſo near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to riſque that, even though he ſhould have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend

* 'To *Houghton*, the ſeat of Sir *Robert Walpole*.'

Eraſmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himſelf, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of uſquebaugh, and ſent three of them to Mr. *Pope*; ſo that I have detained only one for myſelf. I don't believe, ſuch an inſtance of honeſty, punctuality, diſintereſtedneſs, and ſelf-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have with-held but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aſperſed or not. Till then, I remain your moſt faithful and moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, near Saliſbury in Wiltſhire, July the 4th, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myſelf out of the way of all my old acquaintance, ſo that unleſs I hear from you, I can know nothing

nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me ſo long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my ſake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at *Ameſbury*, at the duke of *Queenſberry*'s. The ducheſs ſends you her ſervices. I wiſh you were here: I fanſy you would like her and the place. You might fanſy yourſelf at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a biſhop of the ſame name *. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon *Stonehenge*. We are but five and twenty miles from the *Bath*; and I was told this very evening by general *Dormer*, (who is here) that he heard ſomewhere or other, that you had ſome intentions of coming there the latter ſeaſon. I wiſh any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man muſt be a bold

* 'Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly*, biſhop of *Saliſbury*, whoſe brother, Dr. *John Hoadly* ſucceeded archbiſhop *King* in the ſee of *Dublin*, 19th *January*, 1729-30.

writer, who truſts to wit without it. I took your advice; and ſome time ago took to love, and made ſome advances to the lady, you ſent me to in *Soho*, but I met no return; ſo I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no purſuit or amuſement. A ſtate of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuſe. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, ſo that I am at the heighth of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wiſhes for ſome ſettlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fanſy it will hardly ever be my lot; ſo that I will endeavour to paſs away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wiſh to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I ſay true. I am determined to write to you, though thoſe dirty fellows of the poſt-office do read my letters; for ſince I ſaw you, I am grown of that conſequence to be obnoxious to the men I deſpiſe; ſo that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honeſt man. I have heard from Mr. *Pope* but once ſince I left *London*: I was

ſorry

ſorry I ſaw him ſo ſeldom, but I had buſineſs, that kept me from him. I often wiſh we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Cirenceſter, Sept. the 9th, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reaſonable man could poſſibly take, to break off an impertinent correſpondence, and yet it will not do. One muſt be more ſtupid than a *Dutch* burgomaſter, not to ſee through the deſign of the laſt letter. "I ſhew all your letters to our *Iriſh* wits. One of them is going to write a treatiſe of *Engliſh* bulls and blunders." And for further ſecurity, you add at laſt, I am going to take a progreſs, God knows where, and ſhan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reaſonable breathing time; and now, I muſt at you again. I receive ſo much pleaſure in reading your letters, that according to the uſual good nature and juſtice of mankind, I can diſpenſe with the trouble

trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obſtinate, and won't anſwer, I'll plague and peſter you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and ſhew you, that it is all borrowed or ſtole. Have not you ſtoln the ſweeteſt of your numbers from *Dryden* and *Waller?* Have not you borrowed thoughts from *Virgil* and *Horace?* At leaſt, I am ſure I have ſeen ſomething like them in thoſe books. As to your proſe writings, which they make ſuch a noiſe about, they are only ſome little improvements upon the humour you have ſtole from *Miguel de Cervantes* and *Rabelais*. Well, but the ſtile,——a great matter indeed, for an *Engliſhman* to value himſelf upon, that he can write *Engliſh*: why, I write *Engliſh* too, but it is in another ſtile.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may ſay, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon leſs occaſions, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and ſupported miniſters; you have ſet kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what

is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the paſſions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern hiſtory, and ſeeing a little further into the inſide of things than the generality of men, you have made this buſtle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of thoſe pretty flowers, thoſe juſt antitheſes, which one meets with ſo frequently in the *French* writers. None of thoſe clever turns upon words, nor thoſe apt quotations out of *Latin* authors, which the writers of the laſt age amongſt us abounded in. None of thoſe pretty ſimiles, which ſome of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illuſtrate, but are alſo like twenty other things. In ſhort, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been ſo tired with them, that I have never been eaſy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, juſt as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himſelf upon, that with ſitting ſtill an hour

hour in his ſtudy, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will ſend me a long, a very long letter, in anſwer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I ſhould not have coucluded ſo ſoon.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Lady B—— G———* to Dr. SWIFT.

London, September the 19th, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, your's ſhould have been anſwered long ago. As to your poeteſs, I am her obliged ſervant, and muſt confeſs the fact is juſt as

* This lady was daughter of the earl of *Berkeley*, one of the lords juſtices of *Ireland* in 1699, with whom Dr. *Swift* went over as chaplain, and private ſecretary. He lived in his lordſhip's family at the caſtle of *Dublin*; and lady *Betty Berkeley* finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfiniſhed upon *Swift*'s table, added a ſtanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where ſhe found it. This occaſioned another ballad of *Swift*'s, to the tune of cut-purſe. The ballad on traffic is to be found among the poſthumous pieces, vol. vii. and that to the tune of the cut-purſe in vol. vi. *Bat.* edit. 1754, 8vo. Lady *Betty Berkeley* married Sir *John Germain* baronet, of *Drayton*, in *Northamptonſhire*.

you

you ſtate it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I juſt opened, found they were verſes; ſo ſlunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuſe myſelf of ſhewing them to a mortal. But let me aſſure you, it was not out of modeſty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it ſeems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, ſince you deſire it, you may be very ſure ſhe ſhall not fail of my entreaties to his grace the duke of *Dorſet* for her, though you have not yet let me into the ſecret what her requeſt is: ſo till my lord *Carteret* does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind ſort of a petition. I have not ſeen his grace this great while, and he is now at *Windſor*, and I chuſe rather to ſpeak to him on all accounts, having not ſo fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly eſteemed by thoſe, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable ſhare of honeſty and brains, I do not queſtion your doing

doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindneſs you can deſire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwiſe, though he has the unfaſhionable quality of eſteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biaſſed againſt his own ſenſe and judgment. The conſequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to *England*, and meeting often with him, (in lady *Betty*'s chamber †) where the happy compoſition ‡ ſhall exert her ſkill in ordering dinner; and I won't miſtake oil of amber for the ſpirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your ſincere friend, as well as faithful humble ſervant, E—— G——.

† Alluding to the firſt line of *Frances Harris*'s petition. See vol. vi. of *Swift*'s works, *Bathurſt*'s edit. 1754, 8vo.

‡ Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*. This expreſſion alludes to the laſt verſe of a little poem of *Swift*, intitled, a receipt to form a beauty, and called "the happy compoſition *Floyd*." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord *Berkeley*'s, and at this time lived with lady *Betty*.

LET-

LETTER CCLXXX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, near Salisbury, Nov. 8th, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. *Pope* indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord *Carteret* was here yesterday, on his return from the *Isle of Wight*, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning

morning to the *Bath*, to lady *Carteret*, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours laſt night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiouſly in his favour, as he ſays; and, I believe, that I am in your's; for I know you to be a juſt and equitable perſon, and it is but my due. He ſeemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reaſon for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that ſort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to thoſe, who can do no miſchief. Pray, do you come to *England* this year? He thinks you do. I wiſh you would; and ſo does the ducheſs of *Queenſberry*. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come ſpend me; and your friends cry, come ſee me. I have been treated barbarouſly by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. *Pope* to have a ſhare in it. In ſhort, I don't care to keep any man's money, that ſerves me ſo. Love or money I

muſt

muſt have; and, if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I muſt endeavour to get a little comfort by ſpending ſome of the other. I muſt beg, that you will call at *Ameſbury*, in your way to *London*; for I have many things to ſay to you; and I can aſſure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your preſcription, and I do ride upon the downs; and, at preſent, I have no aſthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir *Robert*, or *Stephen Duck*, who is the favourite poet of the court *. I hear ſometimes from Mr. *Pope*, and from ſcarce any body elſe. Were I to live ever ſo long, I believe I ſhould never think of *London*; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you †; you ſhall have all your ſhare of talk, which was never allowed you at *Twickenham*. You

* *Stephen Duck* was a poor threſher, who having written ſome verſes, they were ſhewed to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at *Richmond*. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at laſt drowned himſelf.

† Mr. *Gay* was reſerved in his converſation.

know this was a grievance you often complained of; and ſo, in revenge, you make me write all, and anſwer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately, J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the ducheſs, and ſhe told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a deſign to have aſked her to ſign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much ſhe may have to ſay to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that ſhe may not be ſtinted for want of room. So much I will ſay, that, whether ſhe ſigns it, or no, both the duke and ducheſs would be very glad you would come to *Ameſbury*; and you muſt be perſuaded, that I ſay this without the leaſt private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. By the Ducheſs of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't ſay you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I ſhall not like you; but if I do not, (unleſs you are a very

a very vain perſon) you ſhall know my thoughts as ſoon as I do myſelf.

C. Q.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, [Indorſed. November, 1730.]

THE paſſage in Mr. *Pope*'s letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the diſtemper theſe thirty years. I have found that ſteel, the warm gums, and the *Bath*, all do good in it. Therefore, firſt take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five ſpoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time, (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a ſervant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ ſylveſtris,

about a ſcruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's phyſician? When I am ſo, you ſhall be a biſhop, or any thing you have a mind to. *Pope* is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady *Betty Germain* complains you have not wrote to her ſince ſhe wrote to you. I have ſhewed as much civility to Mrs. *Barber* as I could, and ſhe likewiſe to me. I have no more paper, but what ſerves to tell you, that I am, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTNOTT.

I recommended Dr. *Helſham* to be phyſician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conſerv. flavedin. aurant. abſynth. Rom. ana ʒvi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. ſyrup e ſucco kermes, q. ſ.

* The Duke of *Dorſet*.

C.

C.

℞ Aſ. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. caſtor. q. ſ. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana ʒj. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ℔ ij per 24 horas: poſtea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. ſp. lavendul. tinctur. caſtor. ana ʒij. miſce.

[As theſe receipts may poſſibly be uſeful to ſome perſon troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddineſs, Dr. *Arbuthnott's* receipt of bitters, for ſtrengthening the ſtomach, is added.]

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; leſſer cardamon ſeeds, two ſcruples. Infuſe all in a quart of boiling ſpring-water for ſix hours: ſtrain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

The Earl of C——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, Hague, Dec. 15th, N. S. 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuſes to me for your ſolicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the firſt perſon, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply ſince thoſe changes, which, you ſay, drove you into diſtance and obſcurity. I very well know the perſon you recommend to me, having lodged at his houſe a whole ſummer at *Richmond*. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to ſerve him; but your recommendation, I can aſſure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-ſuitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promiſes, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to ſerve him.

When firſt I had this office *, I took the reſolution of turning out no-body; ſo that

* 'Of lord ſteward of the king's houſhold, in which he ſucceeded the duke of *Dorſet*, appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.'

I ſhall

I ſhall only have the diſpoſal of thoſe places, that the death of the preſent poſſeſſors will procure me. Some old ſervants, that have ſerved me long and faithfully, have obtained the promiſes of the firſt four or five vacancies; and the early ſolicitations of ſome of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having ſatisfied theſe engagements, I do aſſure you, Mr. *Launcelot* ſhall be my firſt care. I confeſs, his proſpect is more remote than I could have wiſhed it; but as it is ſo remote, he won't have the uneaſineſs of a diſappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets ſomething, we ſhall both be pleaſed.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a *Tory*, I would venture to ſerve him, in the juſt expectation, that ſhould I ever be charged with having preferred a *Tory*, the perſon, who was the author of my crime, would likewiſe be the author of my vindication. I am with real eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

C———.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Dec. the 6th, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great ſatisfaction, I have received. You were miſtaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever ſince the beginning of *May*. But the beſt way is to direct your letters always to the duke's houſe, in *London*; and they are ſent hither by his porter. You ſay, we deſerve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had ſome few viſitors, and every one of them ſuch, as one would deſire to viſit. The ducheſs is a more ſevere check upon my finances than ever you were; and I ſubmit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myſelf a pair of ſhoes with two heels; for I had loſt one, and the ſhoes were ſo decayed, that they were not worth mending. You ſee by this, that thoſe, who are the moſt generous of their own, can be the moſt covetous for others. I hope you will

be

be ſo good to me, as to uſe your intereſt with her, (for, whatever ſhe ſays, you ſeem to have ſome) to indulge me with the extravagance ſuitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that diſlikes you, hath no diſcernment. I really think, you may ſafely venture to *Ameſbury*, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may ſometimes occaſion diſputes: and, I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her ſo often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to perſuade me, that ſhe is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the houſe is not given to ſhew civility to thoſe ſhe does not like. She ſpeaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonneſs of the thing, I fanſy, your curioſity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to ſee ſuch a woman. But I ſay no more, till I know whether her grace will fill up the reſt of the paper.

The Ducheſs of Q——.

Write I muſt, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant paſſion

paſſion of contradiction. I do, in the firſt place, contradict moſt things Mr. *Gay* ſays of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby aſſure you, that, unleſs I like my own way better, you ſhall have your's; and in all diſputes you ſhall convince me, if you can. But, by what I ſee of you, this is not a misfortune, that will always happen; for I find you are a great miſtaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiouſneſs: 'tis from this firſt, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or no I ſhall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building caſtles in the air; but I ſhould chuſe to build friends upon a more ſolid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis poſſible any one can deſerve. Pray, come, that I may find out ſomething wrong; for I, and I believe moſt women, have an inconceivable pleaſure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. *Cibber* is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble ſervant as I can be to any perſon I don't know.

C. Q.

Mr.

Mr. *Gay* is very peeviſh that I ſpell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Beſides, I think you have flattered me, and ſuch people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. GAY's Poſtſcript.

Now I hope you are pleaſed, and that you will allow for ſo ſmall a ſum as 200 *l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

Lady E—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

December 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modeſt aſſurance, affirm you underſtand and practiſe good manners better than any other perſon in either kingdom, I wiſh you would therefore put into very handſome terms my excuſe to dean *Swift*, that I have not anſwered his letter, that I received before the laſt. For even prebendary *Head* aſſured my brother *Harry*, that he, in all form and juſtice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you

or I were to write laſt; becauſe, as being but a poor courteſy lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodneſs gives me. This being ſettled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I ſhould have been wrong enough to have deſired the correſpondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of courſe lazy, and not in a writing mood.

Firſt, as to Mrs. *Barber*, as I told you before, ſo I tell you the ſame again, that, upon your recommendation, I ſhall be very glad to ſerve her, though I never did ſee her; and as I had not your letter till I went from *Tunbridge*, ſhe paſſed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her ſince. She writ to me to preſent ——'s poems to the duke and ducheſs of *Dorſet*. I anſwered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I ſhall moſt willingly ſubſcribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, eſpecially if we can't ſpell: but that is by the way of inviolable ſecret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your laſt epiſtle, for which it ſeems I

am

am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do ſo, becauſe this gets a proof, that, after ſo many years acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word; which is a certain ſign, that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the conſequence is this; I have given my word to the duke of *Dorſet*, that you would not ſo poſitively affirm this fact concerning Mrs. *Fox*, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of truſt. And though it has been recommended to him, as you ſay, he never did give any anſwer to it, nor deſigned it, till he was fully ſatisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, becauſe it is an eaſy way of ſecuring a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it ſo many pence, or ſo many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to ſhew my power with his grace (in ſpite of his dependants, who may caſt their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where juſtice or good-nature is neceſſary; but to ſhew you his dependance on your honour and integrity,

tegrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it ſhall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you ſeem ſo deſirous to have; for at any time, whenſoever you have any buſineſs, ſervice, or requeſt to make to his grace of *Dorſet* (whether my proper buſineſs or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I ſhall be very glad to ſhew how ſincerely I am your friend and faithful humble ſervant, E—— G——.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, Feb. the 9th, 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my ſon, I aſſure you none gave me greater pleaſure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occaſion. When you were laſt in *England*, your ſtay was ſo ſhort, that I ſcarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a deſire I had to bear ſome ſhare of your eſteem; but, ſhould you return this ſummer, I hope you will

will continue longer among us. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurſt*, *Pope*, myſelf, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. *Pulteney* joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembring her. She bid me tell you, that ſhe is determined to have no more children, unleſs you will promiſe to come over, and chriſten the next. You ſee how much my happineſs, in many reſpects, depends upon your promiſe. I have always deſired *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can aſſure you with the greateſt truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in *England* a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater ſincerity, than I am, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever ſent over to *Ireland*, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they

they are reduced in point of argument on one ſide of the queſtion. This has drove certain people to that laſt reſort of calling names. Villain, traitor, ſeditious raſcal, and ſuch ingenious appellations, have frequently been beſtowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such uſage has made it neceſſary to return the ſame polite language; and there has been more *Billingſgate* ſtuff uttered from the preſs * within theſe two months, than ever was known before. Upon this, Dr. *Arbuthnott* has wrote a very humorous treatiſe †, which he ſhewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned inſtances, that this ſort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and claſſical; and that what the world falſely imagines to be polite, is truly

* 'Among the pamphlets publiſhed within that period, was lord *Harvey's Sedition and Defamation diſplayed; in a Letter to the Author of the Craftſman*, publiſhed in *January*, 1730-31.'

† 'Probably that publiſhed in the *Miſcellaneous Works of the late Dr.* Arbuthnott, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at *Glaſgow*, in 1731. The title of the piece is, *A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglicut's Treatiſe concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients.*'

Gothic

Gothic and barbarous. He ſhews how the gods and goddeſſes uſed one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expreſſions among them: kings, heroes, ambaſſadors, and orators abuſed one another much in the ſame way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of abjuration ſhould be loſt. His quotations from *Homer*, *Demoſthenes*, *Æſchines*, and *Tully* are admirable, and the whole is very humorouſly conducted. I take it for granted he will ſend it you himſelf, as ſoon as it is printed.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

February the 23d, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vaſt hopes you ſhould hear no more from me, I being ſlow in my motions: but don't flatter yourſelf; you began the correſpondence, ſet my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to pleaſe myſelf when I could; and though I don't juſt take the turn my

mother did of faſting and praying; yet to be ſure that was her pleaſure too, or elſe ſhe would not have been ſo greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your meſſage this great while to lieutenant *Head*, he having been dead theſe two years. And though he had, as you ſay, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame *Wadgar*'s * firſt impreſſion, I have ever had a natural antipathy to ſpirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. *Pope*, which I am ſorry for, and expect you ſhould come to *England*, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of *Grafton*, that picked out ſuch a laureat †, ſhe deſerves his poetry in her praiſe.

Your friend Mrs. *Barber* has been here. I find ſhe has ſome requeſt; but neither you nor ſhe has yet let it out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean That by ſubſcribing to her book; if ſo, I ſhall be mighty unhappy to have you call That a favour. For ſurely there is nothing ſo eaſy as what one can do one's ſelf, nor any thing

* The deaf houſekeeper at lord *Berkeley*'s.
† *Colley Cibber*.

ſo

ſo heavy as what one muſt aſk other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I ſhall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet ſhall be much happier, when it is in my own power to ſhew, how ſincerely I am my old friend's moſt faithful humble ſervant.

Mrs. *Floyd* is much your's; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

March the 20th, 1730-1.

I THINK it is above three months ſince I wrote to you, in partnerſhip with the ducheſs. About a fortnight ſince I wrote to you from *Twickenham*, for Mr. *Pope* and myſelf. He was then diſabled from writing by a ſevere rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at preſent in town. Lord *Oxford*, lord *Bathurſt*, he, and I dined together yeſterday at *Barnes*, with old *Jacob Tonſon*, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of phyſicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abſtinence

of above two years; and now look upon myſelf as qualified for ſociety as before.

I formerly ſent you a ſtate of the accounts between us. Lord *B*—— hath this day paid me your principal and intereſt. The intereſt amounted to 12 *l.* and I want your directions how to diſpoſe of the principal, which muſt lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a ſcheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to ſhew you that I conſult your advantage, I will buy two more for myſelf, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thouſand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the ſcheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the moſt advantageous one; for we are to have but 3 *l. per cent.*

I ſolicit for no court favours, ſo that I propoſe to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be theſe two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus diſpoſed of; or if you like to truſt to your own fortune, rather than to ſhare in mine, let me have your orders; and at the ſame time,

tell

tell me what I ſhall do with the principal ſum.

I came to town the 7th of *January* laſt, with the duke and ducheſs, about buſineſs, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to *Ameſbury*, in *Wiltſhire*, for the reſt of the year; but the beſt way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. I am ordered by the ducheſs to grow rich in the manner of Sir *John Cutler*. I have nothing, at this preſent writing, but my frock that was made at *Saliſbury*, and a bob perriwig. I perſuade myſelf that it is ſhilling-weather as ſeldom as poſſible; and have found out, that there are few court-viſits that are worth a ſhilling. In ſhort, I am very happy in my preſent independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary ſlaves of birth and fortune. I have ſuch a ſpite againſt you, that I wiſh you may long for my company, as I do for your's. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; ſo that if it is out of friendſhip you write ſo ſeldom to me, it doth not anſwer the purpoſe.

Thoſe who you like ſhould remember you, do ſo whenever I ſee them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are ſolicitous to pleaſe or flatter me. The ducheſs ſends you her compliments, and ſo would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT. With a Poſtſcript.

DEAR SIR, April 11th, 1731.

THE fortune of the perſon you intereſt yourſelf in, amounts to at preſent (all debts paid) above three thouſand four hundred pounds; ſo that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to ſay, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, poſt after poſt, to have received your directions about the diſpoſal of your money. I left that ſum, with 200 *l.* of my own, in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I ſhall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a propoſal about purchaſing lottery tickets,

in partnership with myself: that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, the interest-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing, till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at *Amesbury*, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Yet to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left *London*, I made a visit to Mrs. *Barber*. I wish I could any ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek

after no friendſhips, but am content with what I have in the houſe. They have ſubſcribed, and I propoſed it before *Jo. Taylor*, who, upon hearing ſhe was a friend of your's, offered his ſubſcription, and deſired his compliments to you. I believe ſhe hath given you an account that ſhe hath ſome proſpect of ſucceſs from others recommendations to thoſe I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occaſions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. *Arbuthnott*, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. *Pope*'s health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him ſince I came into the country. If you knew the pleaſure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and eſpecially you would have anſwered my laſt letter, as it was a money affair, and you have to do with a man of buſineſs.

Your letter was more to the ducheſs than to me; ſo I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Poſtſcript by the Dutcheſs.

It was Mr. *Gay*'s fault that I did not write ſooner; which if I had, I ſhould hope you

you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whoſe ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I ſhall approve of your's; for to tell you the truth, I am at preſent a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or diſtinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurſe, when people don't fanſy themſelves ſick. Mr. *Gay* knows this; and he knows too how to play at back-gammon. Whether the parſon of the pariſh can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray ſet out the firſt fair wind, and ſtay with us as long as ever you pleaſe. I cannot name my fixed time, that I ſhall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can ſo far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I ſhall make no ſort of reſpectful concluſions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr.

Mr. G A Y's Poſtſcript.

The direction is to the duke of *Queensberry*'s, in *Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly*. Now I have told you this, you have no excuſe from writing but one, which is coming; get over your law-ſuit, and receive your money.

The ducheſs adds, "he ſhall not write a word more from *Amesbury*, in *Wiltſhire*. Your groom was miſtaken; for the houſe is big enough, but the park is too little."

LETTER CCXC.

Lord B——— to Dr. SWIFT.

April 19th, 1731.

I NEVER deſigned to have wrote to you any more, becauſe you bantered and abuſed me ſo groſly in your laſt. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing miſchief for miſchief-ſake, and conſequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my reſentments ſo far, as to ſtand by and ſee you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think

think of truſting *John Gay* with his money? None of his friends would ever truſt him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l.* I had of your's; I paid him both principal and intereſt. I ſuppoſe by this time he has loſt it. I give you notice, you muſt look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have conſidered, your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep ſervants and horſes, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expenſive than a few ſplendid entertainments; beſides which, you may be ſaid to water your flock with *French* wine, which altogether muſt conſume your ſubſtance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the firſt place, you muſt turn off all your ſervants, and ſell your horſes (I will find exerciſe for you). Your whole family muſt conſiſt of only one ſound wholeſome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; beſides waſhing your linen, and mending it, darning your ſtockings, *&c.* But to ſave all expence in houſe-keeping, you muſt contrive ſome way or other, that

ſhe

ſhe ſhould have milk; and I can aſſure you, it is the opinion of ſome of the beſt phyſicians, that womens milk is the wholeſomeſt food in the world.

Beſides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be ſuch a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occaſion, to ſet a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the *Drapier* been a milk-ſop, poor *Wood* had not ſuffered ſo much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of ſpirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and ſeems to communicate itſelf to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage *Delaney* and *Stopford* in their idleneſs, but let them be as grave as moſt of their order are with us. I am convinced they will ſooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I ſhall not be out of hopes of ſeeing you a biſhop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I propoſe. In ſhort, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the biſhopric of *Durham*. For if you keep cows, inſtead of horſes, in that high-walled orchard,

chard, and cultivate by your own induſtry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to ſell more butter and cheeſe, than will anſwer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to conſume five or ſix hogſheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your converſation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lords-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that ſlavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profeſs, ſeem to be deſigned for. It will take off that giddineſs in your head, which has diſturbed yourſelf and others. The diſputes between Sir *Arthur* * and my lady, will for the future be confined to proſe, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

* Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, at whoſe ſeat, in a village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The diſpute between Sir *Arthur* and my lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton*'s barn ſhould be turned into a barrack, or a malt-houſe? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the ſubject of a little poem written by *Swift*. See *Bathurſt*'s edition of 1755, vol. vii. p. 121, 141.

You ought to remember what St. *Auſtin* ſays, *Poeſis eſt vinum dæmonum.* Conſider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and converſation; and the reſt of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. *Auſtin*'s *vinum dæmonum.*

So far for your ſoul's health. Now, as to the health of your body; I muſt inform you, that part of what I preſcribe to you, is the ſame which our great friar *Bacon* preſcribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his *Cure of old Age, and Preſervation of Youth*, chap. the 12th. You uſed to ſay, that you found benefit from riding. The *French*, an ingenious people, uſe the word *chevaucher*, inſtead of *monter a cheval*, and they look upon it as the ſame thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuſe from entering into this new courſe of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you

can

can get a perſon properly qualified to feed you, and compoſe your new family, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring increaſe from a woman, than from a ſum of money. But if he ſhould be lazy, (he is ſo fat, that there is ſome reaſon to doubt him) I will without fail ſupply you myſelf, that you may be under no diſappointments. *Bracton* ſays, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ eſt jure naturæ.* Vide *Cook* upon *Littleton*. *Calvin's* caſe 1ſt vol. *Reports*.

This I ſend you from my cloſet at *Richkings* *, where I am at leiſure to attend ſerious affairs; but when one is in town, there are ſo many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compoſe one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I ſee any man ſerious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or deſigning fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we ſay, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reaſonable to ſay of a cunning raſcal,

* 'A ſeat of his lordſhip's, in *Buckinghamſhire*.'

who

who has lived miſerably, and died hated and deſpiſed, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has out-witted himſelf? In ſhort, to be ſerious about thoſe trifles, which the majority of mankind think of conſequence, ſeems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with thoſe things, which they generally treat ludicrouſly, may denote knavery. I have obſerved that, in comedy, the beſt actor plays the part of the droll, whilſt ſome ſcrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wiſe men paſs their time in mirth, whilſt fools only are ſerious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wiſe; but never turn ſerious, or cunning.

LETTER CCXCI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, April 27th, 1731.

YOUR's, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from *London*, where I ſtayed only four days. I ſaw Mr. *Pope*, who is much better: I dined with him at lord *Oxford*'s, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquiſitive

inquiſitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. *Pulteney* had received your letter, and ſeemed very much pleaſed with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the lady. Sir *William Wyndham*, who you will hear hath buried lady *Catharine*, was at *Dawley* in great affliction. Dr. *Arbuthnott* I found in good health and ſpirits. His neighbour, Mr. *Lewis*, was gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Patty Blount* I ſaw two or three times, who will be very much pleaſed, when ſhe knows you ſo kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. *Howard* will not be ſo well ſatisfied with the compliments you ſend her. I breakfaſted twice with her at Mrs. *Blount*'s; and ſhe told me, that her indiſpoſition had prevented her anſwering your letter. This ſhe deſired me to tell you, that ſhe would write to you ſoon; and ſhe deſires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time, by me. You ſhould conſider circumſtances before you cenſure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I ſee you, I ſhall convince you, that you miſtake her *.

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letters of lady *B— G——*.

The day before I left *London*, I gave orders for buying two *South-Sea* or *India* bonds for you, which carry 4*l. per cent.* and are as eaſily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I ſuppoſe is done.

Whenever you come to *England*, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and, I promiſe, I will not drop you on the road for any viſit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to ſay to people who are continually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, ſhall convince you that I am very ſenſible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my beſt friend and counſellor. I long for the time when we ſhall meet and converſe together. I will draw you into no great company, beſide thoſe I live with. In ſhort, if you inſiſt upon it, I will give up all great company for your's. Theſe are conditions, that I can hardly think you will inſiſt upon, after your declarations to

the

the ducheſs, who is more and more impatient to ſee you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will ſettle this matter together, when you come to *Amesbury*. After all, I find I have been ſaying nothing; for ſpeaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You uſed to blame me for over-ſolicitude about myſelf. I am now grown ſo rich, that I don't think myſelf worth thinking on; ſo that I will promiſe you never to mention myſelf, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquiſitiveneſs of your friendſhip; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myſelf again. I ſent you a groſs ſtate of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the ducheſs will ſtate it to you. I have left no room for her to write, ſo that I will ſay nothing till my letter is gone; but ſhe would not forgive me, if I did not ſend her compliments,

LETTER CCXCII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June the 5th, 1731.

I FANSY you have comforted yourſelf a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatiſm that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I ſhould make a ſad nurſe to Mr. *Pope*, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcaſe already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here ſoon, I expect you ſhould bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I ſhall hear him with pleaſure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of *Dorſet* intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has ſent, and he is as worthy, honeſt, ſenſible a man as any I know, Mr. *Brandreth*, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by

by my writing, that it is not quite eaſy to me, ſo I will neither teaze you, nor trouble myſelf longer, who am moſt ſincerely your faithful humble ſervant,

E. G.

LETTER CCXCIII.

The Ducheſs of ——— and Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

The DUCHESS.

July the 18th, 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am ſure, for you are hard to be found: that you are ſo, is certainly owing to ſome evil genius. For if you ſay true, this is the very propereſt place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our ſhoulders, that is not, at ſometimes, worſe than your's can poſſibly be at the worſt; and not one to compare with your's, when at beſt, except your friends are your ſworn liars. So in one reſpect, at leaſt, you will find things juſt as they could be wiſhed. It is farther neceſſary to aſſure you, that the ducheſs is neither healthy nor young; ſhe lives in all

the ſpirits ſhe can, and with as little grandeur as ſhe can poſſibly. She too, as well as you, can ſcold, and command; but ſhe can be ſilent, and obey, if ſhe pleaſes; and then for a good nurſe, it is out of diſpute, that ſhe muſt prove an excellent one, who has been ſo experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonſenſe, provided you do it on purpoſe, ſhe has no objection: there is ſome ſenſe in nonſenſe, when it does not come by chance. In ſhort, I am very ſure, that ſhe has ſet her heart upon ſeeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you ſhould happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her houſe. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you ſhall quietly enjoy your own will and pleaſure as long as ever you pleaſe.

Mr. G A Y.

You ſhall ride, you ſhall walk, and ſhe will be glad to follow your example; and this will be doing good at the ſame time to her and yourſelf. I had not heard from you

you ſo long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmoſt impatience for a letter. I had flattered myſelf, your law-ſuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a ſummons to *Briſtol*. Your money is either getting or loſing ſomething; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown ſo much a man of buſineſs, that is to ſay, ſo covetous, that I cannot bear to let a ſum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. *Howard*, is now counteſs of *Suffolk*. I am ſtill ſo much a dupe, that I think you miſtake her. Come to *Ameſbury*, and you and I will diſpute this matter; and the ducheſs ſhall be judge. But I fanſy you will object gainſt her; for I will be ſo fair to you, as to own, that I think ſhe is of my ſide: but, in ſhort, you ſhall chuſe any impartial referee you pleaſe. I have heard from her; Mr. *Pope* hath ſeen her; I beg you would ſuſpend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fanſy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or ſeen her, ſo that you cannot at preſent be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg

it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had ſeveral attacks of the giddineſs you at preſent complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope, that at this inſtant you are perfectly well; though my fears were ſo very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myſelf, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been miſinformed. Upon the diſcharge of an unjuſt ſteward, he took the adminiſtration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his aſſiſtance, when the ſtate of affairs was in the greateſt confuſion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to ſet affairs right, and as ſoon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her ſay, was a good deal in her ſtile: it was a thouſand to one ſhe had not ſaid ſo, but I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe did not, either in thought or word. I am ſure ſhe wants to be better acquainted with you, for

for which ſhe has found out ten thouſand reaſons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr. G A Y.

By your letter, I cannot gueſs whether we are like to ſee you or no. Why might not the *Ameſbury* downs make you better?

The DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. *Gay* tells me, I muſt write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault, that I omitted my duty in his laſt letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had ſent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I ſhall be ready and glad to aſk you pardon upon my knees, as ſoon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-ſpirited, which I hope will not make a bad impreſſion, conſidering you are the occaſion. I ſubmit to all your conditions, ſo pray, come; for, I have not only promiſed myſelf, but Mr. *Gay* alſo, the ſatisfaction to hear you talk as much nonſenſe as you can poſſibly utter.

Mr.

Mr. G A Y.

You will read in the *Gazette* of a friend of your's, who hath lately had the dignity of being diſgraced *: for he, and every body, except five or ſix, look upon it in the ſame light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no ſcheme at preſent, either to raiſe my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myſelf for my idleneſs. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on ſomething that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular (I wiſh to be ſo in many); I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own ſcheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myſelf, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a ſcheme of my own with more eaſe and pleaſure, than into that of any other body. I long to ſee you; I long to hear from you;

* 'William Pulteney, Eſq; who on the 1ſt of July, 1731, was, by order of king George II. ſtruck out of the liſt of the privy-council, and put out of all the commiſſions of the peace.'

I wiſh

I wiſh you health; I wiſh you happineſs; and I ſhould be very happy myſelf to be witneſs that you enjoyed my wiſhes.

LETTER CCXCIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Auguſt 2d, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of ſeeing you from week to week, which our friend *Gay* made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have ſince deferred it by waiting an opportunity of ſending my letter by a ſafe hand. That opportunity preſents itſelf at laſt, and Mr. *Ecklin* will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general ſtate of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my ſins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Chriſtianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliſs,

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or paying it by good works and ſufferings of my own, and by the merits and ſufferings of others, I ſhould imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, ſince my return into *England*. One of the circumſtances of my ſituation, which has afflicted me moſt, and which afflicts me ſtill ſo, is the abſolute inutility I am of to thoſe whom I ſhould be the beſt pleaſed to ſerve. Succeſs in ſerving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in differving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making ſuch an eſtabliſhment here as might tempt you to quit *Ireland*. One of them would have ſucceeded, and would have been agreeable in every reſpect, if engagements to my lady's kinſman (who did not, I ſuppoſe, deſerve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the conſent of thoſe, who would rather have you a dean in *Ireland*, than a pariſh prieſt in *England*; and who are glad to keep you, where your ſincere friend, my late lord *Oxford*, ſent you.

A third was wholly in our power; but when I enquired exactly into the value, I found it leſs than I had believed; the diſtance from theſe parts was great; and beſides all this, an unexpected and groundleſs diſpute about the right of preſentation (but ſtill ſuch a diſpute as the law muſt determine) had ariſen. You will pleaſe to believe, that I mention theſe things for no other reaſon than to ſhew you, how much thoſe friends deſerve you ſhould make them a viſit at leaſt, who are ſo deſirous to ſettle you amongſt them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unſucceſsful.

I received, ſome time ago, a letter from Dr. *Delaney*; and very lately Mr. *Pope* ſent me ſome ſheets, which ſeem to contain the ſubſtance of two ſermons of that gentleman's. The *philoſophia prima* is above my reach, and eſpecially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does ſo and ſo, by attempting to prove, that doing ſo and ſo is eſſential to his attributes, or neceſſary to his deſign; and that the not doing ſo and ſo would be inconſiſtent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myſelf to contemplate what I am

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ſure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble ſilence. I can demonſtrate, that every cavil, which has been brought againſt the great ſyſtem of the world, phyſical and moral, from the days of *Democritus* and *Epicurus* to this day, is abſurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, ſtate the ends of infinite wiſdom, and ſhew the proportion of the means *.

Dr. *Delaney*, in his letter to me, mentioned ſome errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by ſhewing the miſtakes, particularly of Sir *John Marſham*, on whoſe authority thoſe errors were built. Whether I can be of uſe to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient hiſtory and chronology, by a careful examination into the firſt principles of them, I have ever ſince laid that ſtudy totally aſide. I confeſs, in the letter I writ

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Eſſay on Man*, in which he profeſſes to have adopted lord *Bolingbroke*'s principles,

" Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend;"

and which lord *Bolingbroke*, in a ſubſequent part of this very letter, ſays, was undertaken at his inſtigation; approving, at the ſame time, of the firſt three books, which he had ſeen and conſidered.

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lately to the doctor, notwithſtanding my great reſpect for Sir *John Marſham*, that his authority is often precarious, becauſe he leans often on other authorities, which are ſo. But to you I will confeſs a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no poſſibility of making any ſyſtem of that kind, without doing the ſame thing; and that the defect is in the ſubject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of ſome who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It ſeems plain to me, that this was the caſe. All the materials of this ſort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them ſo, and the unfaithfulneſs of thoſe, who have tranſmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow *Euſebius* *, has done even more than time itſelf. By throwing theſe fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impoſſible to make any others) in ſhort, by a few plauſible gueſſes for the connexion and applica-

* 'The learned biſhop of *Cæſarea*, in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, publiſhed by *Joſeph Scaliger*, with notes, at *Leyden*, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at *Amſterdam*, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.'

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tion of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almoſt any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned diſſertation, by the ſame ſet of authorities, that there had been four *Aſſyrian* monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myſelf, and a much nobler man than myſelf, the friend to whom I lent the manuſcript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In ſhort, I am afraid that I ſhall not be very uſeful to Dr. *Delaney*, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be uſeful, and I am ſure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are ſtill in *Ireland*, pray give my beſt ſervices to him; but ſay no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you ſay, that *Pope* and you have often teazed me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be ſo even now. Beſides, call it pride if you will,

I ſhall

I ſhall never make, either to the preſent age, or to poſterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign *. But I will apply myſelf very ſeriouſly to the compoſition of juſt and true relations of the events of thoſe times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies muſt take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will aſſign to us. I will endeavour to write ſo as no man could write, who had not been a party in thoſe tranſactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I ſhall go back, in conſidering the political intereſts of the principal powers in *Europe*, as far as the *Pyrenneun* treaty; but I ſhall not begin a thread of hiſtory till the death of *Charles* the ſecond of *Spain*, and the acceſſion of queen *Anne* to the throne of *England*. Nay, even from that time downwards, I ſhall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father *Paul*'s, juſt as I have, or have not,

* This probably alludes to a tract called *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotiſm*, &c. of which lord *Bolingbroke* permitted a few copies to be taken, for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. *Pope*'s means. *Gent. Mag.* Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

a ſtock of authentic materials. Theſe ſhall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curioſity, in going one ſtep farther than they carry me. You ſee, my dear *Swift*, that I open a large field to myſelf: with what ſucceſs I ſhall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I ſhall live to go through ſo great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal buſineſs of the reſt of my life. This advantage, at leaſt, I ſhall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the preſent ſcene. I ſhall grieve leſs at thoſe things which I cannot mend; I ſhall dignify my retreat; and ſhall wind up the labours of my life in ſerving the cauſe of truth.

You ſay, you could eaſily ſhew, by comparing my letters for twenty years paſt, how the whole ſyſtem of my philoſophy changes by the ſeveral gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my ſhame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way

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of thinking. My own paſſions, and the paſſions and intereſts of other men ſtill more, have led me aſide. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballaſt enough. If the ſhip did not ſink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The ſtorm itſelf threw me into port. My own opinion, my own deſires, would have kept me there; the opinion, the deſires, of others ſent me to ſea again. I did, and blamed myſelf for doing what others, and you, among the reſt, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at leaſt as was due to friendſhip. If I go off the ſtage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do aſſure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does *Pope* talk to you of the noble work, which, at my inſtigation, he has begun in ſuch a manner, that he muſt be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The firſt epiſtle which conſiders man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole ſyſtem of univerſal being. The ſecond, which conſiders

him in his own habitation, in himſelf, and relatively to his particular ſyſtem. And the third, which ſhews how an univerſal cauſe works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beaſt, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts neceſſary to each other, and neceſſary to the whole; how human ſocieties were formed; from what ſpring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greateſt intereſts and our plaineſt duty indiviſibly the ſame. Theſe three epiſtles, I ſay, are finiſhed. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble ſubject; he pleads the cauſe of God, I uſe *Seneca*'s expreſſion, againſt that famous charge which Atheiſts in all ages have brought, the ſuppoſed unequal diſpenſations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting *. You admit it indeed for

* To prove that the diſpenſations of Providence in the preſent ſtate are not unequal, is certainly very deſirable; but there is reaſon to fear, that thoſe who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not ſucceeded in the attempt.

The philoſophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to juſtify the ways of God to man, by proving that happineſs does not conſiſt in externals, in order to ſhew that his diſpenſations are equal, have yet

an extreme good purpoſe, and you build on this admiſſion the neceſſity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. But what if you ſhould find, that this future ſtate will not account for God's juſtice * in the preſent ſtate, which you give up, in oppoſition to the Atheiſt? Would it not have been better to defend God's juſtice in this world, againſt theſe daring men, by irrefragable reaſons, and to have reſted the other point on revelation? I do not like

yet placed happineſs in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

" Happier as kinder in each due degree,
" And height of bliſs, but height of charity."

Now there ſeems to be an inconſiſtency between theſe two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reaſonably be aſked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to beſtow? Can it beſtow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happineſs, or happineſs is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happineſs, it is indeed a mere name; the ſubject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliſs of charity is founded on a deluſion; on the falſe ſuppoſition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happineſs can be communicated by externals, and conſequently is dependent upon them, and theſe externals are unequally diſtributed, how is the diſpenſation of Providence, with reſpect to happineſs in the preſent ſtate, equal?

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the preſent unequal diſtribution to the Divine juſtice.

conceſſions made againſt demonſtration, repair or ſupply them how you will. The epiſtles I have mentioned will compoſe a firſt book; the plan of the ſecond is ſettled. You will not underſtand by what I have ſaid, that *Pope* will go ſo deep into the argument, or carry it ſo far as I have hinted. You enquire ſo kindly after my wife, that I muſt tell you ſomething of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a ſurgeon abroad, and which has had great ſucceſs in caſes ſimilar to her's. This remedy has viſibly attacked the original cauſe of all her complaints, and has abated, in ſome degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various ſymptoms. I hope, and ſurely with reaſon, that ſhe will receive ſtill greater benefit from this method of cure, which ſhe will reſume as ſoon as the great heat is over. If ſhe recovers, I ſhall not, for her ſake, abſtract myſelf from the world, more than I do at preſent in this place. But if ſhe ſhould be taken from me, I ſhould moſt certainly yield to that ſtrong deſire, which I have long had, of ſecluding myſelf totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management,

nagement, even of my private affairs, to others; and of ſecuring, by thoſe means, for the reſt of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philoſophical quiet.

I ſuppoſe you have ſeen ſome of thoſe volumes of ſcurrility, which have been thrown into the world againſt Mr. *P*—— and myſelf, and the *Craftſman*, which gave occaſion to them. I think it is the ſenſe of all my friends, that the perſon, who publiſhed the *Final Anſwer* *, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumſtance. To anſwer all the falſities, miſrepreſentations, and blunders, which a club of ſuch ſcoundrels, as *Arnold*, *Concanen*, and other penſioners of the miniſter, crouded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and muſt have forced ſeveral things to be ſaid. To have explained ſome points, and to have ſtopped at others, would have given ſtrength to that impertinent ſuggeſtion, Guilt alone is ſilent in the

* This pamphlet was written by lord *Bolingbroke*, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intituled, *A Final Anſwer to the Remarks on the Craftſman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the ſame Quarter, againſt the Perſon laſt mentioned in the Craftſman of 22d of May.*

day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the ſcene of the late queen's reign, nor ſubmit the paſſages of her adminiſtration, and the conduct of any of her miniſters, to the examination of ſo vile a tribunal. This was ſtill the more right, becauſe, upon ſuch points as relate to ſubſequent tranſactions, and as affect me ſingly, what the *Craftſman* had ſaid, was juſtified unanſwerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamouſly falſe. The effect of this paper has anſwered the deſign of it; and, which is not common, all ſides agree, that the things ſaid ought to have been ſaid. The public writers ſeem to be getting back, from theſe perſonal altercations, to national affairs, much againſt the grain of the miniſter's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the ſpirit which can be raiſed, is raiſed, it is to no purpoſe to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing elſe to do, but to let the ſhip drive till ſhe is caſt away, or till the ſtorm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner,

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an officer, nor a foremaſt-man. I am but a paſſenger, ſaid my lord *Carbury*.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might elſe have a letter as long again from me. If you anſwer me by the poſt, remember, whilſt you are writing, that you write by the poſt. Adieu, my reverend friend.

LETTER CCXCV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Drayton, Sept. 7th, 1731.

TO ſhew how ſtrictly I obey your orders, I came from the ducheſs of *Dorſet*'s country-houſe to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myſelf exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I that ſort of education, I ſhould not have been ſo eaſy and happy as, I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my anceſtors; but I may forgive even that, ſince it waited upon me no ſooner; and eſpecially ſince I

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ſee my elder and two younger brothers ſo terribly plagued with it; ſo that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and, upon my word, I am not increaſed in that ſince you firſt knew me.

I am ſorry you are involved in law-ſuits; it is the thing on earth I moſt fear. I wiſh you had met with as complaiſant an adverſary as I did; for my lord *Peterborow* plagued Sir *John** all his life-time; but declared, if ever he gave the eſtate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man. I hope I ſhall ſoon hear of the duke and ducheſs of *Dorſet*'s ſafe landing; and I do not queſtion the people of *Ireland*'s liking them as well as they deſerve. I deſire no better for them; for if you don't ſpoil him there, which I think he has too good ſenſe to let happen, he is the moſt worthy, honeſt, good-natured, great-ſoul'd man that ever was born. As to the ducheſs, ſhe is ſo reſerved, that perhaps ſhe may not be at firſt ſo much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with ſenſe, judgment, and good-nature,

* Huſband to lady *B*—— *G*——.

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not only not to admire her, but muſt love and eſteem her as much as I do, and every one elſe does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; ſo, for his own ſake, you muſt like him: and, till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend *Biddy* † is juſt the ſame as ſhe was; laughs ſedately, and makes a joke ſlily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever ſhall be, your moſt ſincere friend, and faithful humble ſervant,

E—— G——.

LETTER CCXCVI.

The Counteſs of —— to Dr. SWIFT.*

SIR, Hampton-Court, Sept. 25th, 1731.

YOU think you have a natural right to abuſe me, becauſe I am a woman, and a

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd.*

* Three letters, recommending Mrs. *Barber*, the wife of a tradeſman in *Ireland* who had failed, to the queen, in order to forward a ſubſcription for ſome poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and ſent to her majeſty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a juſtification of himſelf, to the counteſs of *S*——, in a letter, to which this is an anſwer. See one of the counterfeit letters, and the Dean's to lady *S*——, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr. *Deane Swift.*

courtier.

courtier, I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great reſentment, and a determined reſolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been ſent, and thought by many to be your's (and thank God they were all filly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you ſuſpected of folly; think of my pleaſure when I entered the liſt for your juſtification! Indeed I was a little diſconcerted to find Mr. *Pope* took the ſame ſide; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the *Iriſh Drapier*, have found no friend but the ſilly woman and the courtier. Could I have preſerved myſelf alone in the liſt, I ſhould not have deſpaired, that this monitor of princes, this *Iriſh* patriot, this excellent man at ſpeech and pen, ſhould have cloſed the ſcene under ſuſpicion of having a violent paſſion for Mrs. *Barber* and lady *M—or*: Mrs, *Haywood* † has writ the progreſs of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing thoſe letters; but I every day thank

† Mrs. *Haywood*, a well-known writer of ſcandal in novels.

Providence

Providence that there is an epitaph in St. *Patrick's* cathedral ‡, that will be a laſting monument of your imprudence. I cheriſh this extremely; for, ſay what you can to juſtify it, I am convinced I ſhall as eaſily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's ſincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace ſhall enſue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you ſee I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant ſoldier fight ſucceſsfully. Beſides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who, when ſingle, may be as inconſiderable as a *Lilliputian*, yet ten thouſand of them embarraſſed captain *Gulliver*. If you ſend honourable articles, they ſhall be ſigned. I inſiſt that you own that you have been unjuſt to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others ſend my compliments, becauſe I was not able to write myſelf. If I cannot juſtify the advice I gave you, from the

‡ On the duke of *Schomberg*. See the letter, to which this is an anſwer.

ſucceſs

ſucceſs of it, I gave you my reaſons for it: and it was your buſineſs to have judged of my capacity, by the ſolidity of my arguments. If the principle was falſe, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falſhood. Am I to ſend back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble ſervant, —— ——?

LETTER CCXCVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 4th, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conſcience, that though you had anſwered mine before, the ſecond was never the leſs welcome. So much for your topſcript, not poſtſcript; and in very ſincere earneſt I heartily thank you for remembering me ſo often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your *Hyde-Park* courſes, although my courage ſerves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for ſix or ſeven miles, with one horſeman, and

and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run faſt enough to keep up with my horſe, who has yet only proved his dexterity by eſcaping from ſchool. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I ſhould have the happineſs to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horſes to ſhew their art; or that think a poſtilion's cap, with a white frock, the moſt becoming dreſs. Theſe and their grooms I am moſt bitterly afraid of; becauſe, you muſt know, if my complaiſant friend, your preſbyterian houſekeeper *, can remember any thing like ſuch days with me, that is a very good reaſon for me to remember that time is paſt; and your toupees would rejoice to ſee a horſe throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am ſorry to hear you are no wiſer in *Ireland* than we *Engliſh*; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I queſtion much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my ducheſs's

* Probably Mrs. *White-Way*, whom *Swift* humouroufly called Mrs. *Alba-Via*.

being

being dreſſed in your manufacture †; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiſs. And I dare ſay you will ſoon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or elſe *Ireland* has ſtrangely depraved your taſte, and That my own vanity will not let me believe, ſince you ſtill flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me ſee you in *England* again, if you dare; and chooſe your reſidence, ſummer or winter, *St. James's Square*, or *Drayton*. I defy you in all ſhapes; be it dean of *St. Patrick's* governing *England* or *Ireland*, or politician *Drapier*. But my choice ſhould be the parſon in lady *Betty's* chamber. Make haſte then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever ſincere and hearty old friend.

† The ducheſs alſo appeared at the caſtle in *Dublin*, wholly clad in the manufactures of *Ireland*, on his majeſty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a ſecond time lord lieutenant.

LET-

LETTER CCXCVIII.

Mr. GAY, and the Duke of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

November the 8th, 1731.

FOR about this month or ſix weeks paſt, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at *Dawly*, and at *Twickenham*; and, I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretenſion as myſelf. For I find them all exceedingly diſappointed by the law-ſuit that hath kept you this ſummer from us. Mr. *Pope* told me, that affair was now over, that you have the eſtate which was your ſecurity; I wiſh you had your own money; for I wiſh you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the laſt letter we ſent you very judiciouſly. You may make your own conditions at *Ameſbury*, where I am at preſent; you may do the ſame at *Dawly*; and *Twickenham*, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuſe to live with me (that is to ſay, if you will give up your right and title)

I will purchaſe the houſe you and I uſed to diſpute about over-againſt *Ham* walks, on purpoſe to entertain you. Name your day, and it ſhall be done. I have lived with you, and I wiſh to do ſo again in any place, and upon any terms. The ducheſs does not know of my writing; but I promiſed to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the ducheſs, and ſhe may tell Sir *William Wyndham*, who is now here; and for fear they ſhould all have ſomething to ſay to you, I leave the reſt of the paper till I ſee the duke.

The D U K E.

Mr. *Gay* tells me, you ſeem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a perſon hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his ſtay; when at the ſame time it does not appear, that the preſent maſter of theſe demeſnes hath been conſulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have ſuſpected me for a ſort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correſpondence between

you

you and my wife. Ladies (by the courteſy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many caſes the ſame thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleaſure of converſing with you otherwiſe; and as that is a thing I moſt ſincerely wiſh, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that ſeemed to be in ſo fair a way of producing that deſirable end. But our friend *John* has not done me juſtice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wiſh for the pleaſure of ſeeing you here; and tho' I have not till now avowedly taken any ſteps towards bringing it about, what has paſſed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and conſent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake to the due obſervance of them. I depend upon my friend *John* to anſwer for my ſincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country gentleman for ſome time.

Poll manus ſub linus darque dds ſive nig ig gnipite gnaros.

LETTER CCXCIX.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

January the 11th, 1731.

IT is well for Mr. *Pope* your letter came as it did, or elſe I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough ſearch at his houſe; for that I was moſt poſitively aſſured that you were there in private, the duke of *Dorſet* can tell you. *Non credo* is all the *Latin* I know, and the moſt uſeful word upon all occaſions to me. However, like moſt other people, I can give it up for what I wiſh; ſo for once I believed, or at leaſt went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a requeſt, which is purely perſonal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am ſure you would not be ſo diſagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to me to do any thing you deſire, by which you may find you are not *ſans conſequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. *Pope* the other day. He complains of not being well,

and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or ſenſe do arm him enough againſt being hurt by malice; and that he is too ſenſible of what fools ſay: the run is much againſt him on the duke of *Chandois*'s* account; but I believe their rage is not kindneſs to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with ſome tolerable pretence. I wiſh your preſence would have ſuch a miraculous effect as your deſign on *Biddy*'s† ſpeech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept ſtill *per* force, for ſhe conſtantly gets a violent cold that laſts her all winter, But as to that quarrelſome friend of the duke of *Dorſet*'s, I will let her looſe at you, and ſee which can get the better. Miſs *Kelly* was a very pretty girl when ſhe went from hence, and the beaux ſhew their good taſte by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if ſhe is not mightily altered, ſhe would give up ſome of her airs and equipage to live in *England*.

* It was ſaid that Mr. *Pope* intended the character of *Timon*, in his epiſtle on the uſe of riches in works of taſte, addreſſed to the earl of *Burlington*, for the duke of *Chandois*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

Since you are ſo good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have eſcaped both head-achs and gout: and that your's may not be endangered by reading ſuch a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear dean,

E—— G———.

LETTER CCC.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, January the 18th, 1731.

IT is now near nine o'clock. I deferred ſitting down to write to you, in expectation to have ſeen Mr. *Pope*, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find lord *Burlington*, within whoſe walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reaſon I know not. Mr. *Pope* is juſt this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; ſo that I cannot give you any ſatisfaction in the affair you writ laſt about. He deſigns to ſee him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he ſays you ſhall hear from him.

By

By the beginning of my letter you ſee how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular diſtinction, that as ſoon as the court gains a man, I loſe him. It is a mortification I have been uſed to, ſo I bear it as a philoſopher ſhould. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received, and Mr. *Pope* ſhewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleaſure than all the letters you have writ ſince I ſaw you, as it gives me hopes of ſeeing you ſoon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and ducheſs of my writing, I know that they would have ſomething to ſay to you, and perhaps would prevent my ſending the letter this poſt, ſo I chuſe to ſay nothing about it. You are in great favour and eſteem with all thoſe that love me, which is one great reaſon that I love and eſteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuſe to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries ſome intereſt; though it might be now ſold to ſome advantage, and is liable to riſes and falls with the other ſtocks. It may be higher as well as

lower; ſo I will not diſpoſe of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to ſee you, ſo are all your friends. You have taken your reſolution, and I ſhall henceforth every week expect an agreeable ſurprize. The bellman rings for the letter, ſo I can ſay no more.

LETTER CCCI.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. SWIFT.

February 23, 1731.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is ſo) that I can make you uneaſy at my not writing; tho' I ſhan't often care to exert it, leſt you ſhould grow weary of me and my correſpondence; but the ſlowneſs of my anſwers does not come from the emptineſs of my heart, but the emptineſs of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been ſo long in faſhion; but every day convinces me more of the neceſſity of it, not but that I often wiſh againſt myſelf; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, becauſe moſt of your acquaintance tell me ſo; and

yet

yet turn, and wind, and ſift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but inſtead of that, there I find a law-ſuit, which is a worſe tie by the leg than your lameneſs. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a ſprain, as he does? who has lain † ſo long and often to diſguiſe it, that I verily think he has not a new ſtory left. Does he do the ſame in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or elſe you could never have thought of any thing ſo much to my taſte as this piece of marble you ſpeak of for my ſiſter *Penelope* ‡, which I deſire may be at my expence.

* The duke of *Dorſet*.

† This ſeems to be humouroufly made the participle of *lie*, *mentior*.

‡ Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilſt her father was in the government, and was interred in *St. Andrew*'s church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. *Swift* cauſed a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inſcription.

"Underneath lieth the body of the lady
"*Penelope Berkeley*, daughter of the right
"honourable *Charles* earl of *Berkeley*. She
"died *September* the 3d, 1699."

I cannot

I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but ſhe died ſoon after we came there, and we did not ſtay quite two years, and were in *England* ſome months before king *William* died. I wiſh I had my dame *Wadgar*'s, or Mr. *Ferrers*'s memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooſeberries.

Surely your *Iriſh* air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. *Kelly*'s are blunted already, make her croſs father let her come over, and we won't uſe her ſo in *England*. If my ducheſs † ſees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it muſt be purely from great complaiſance, for that never was her taſte here, though ſhe is as early a riſer as the generality of ladies are: and, I believe, there are not many dreſſing-rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early idle come.

* In the petition of *Frances Harris* to the lords juſtices, upon loſing her purſe, there are theſe verſes.

" Yes, ſays ſhe, the ſteward I remember, when I
" was at my lady *Shrewſbury*'s,
" Such a thing as this happened juſt about the
" time of gooſberries."

This ſteward, was Mr. *Ferrers*; and dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf houſekeeper in lord *Berkeley*'s family, when he was one of the lords juſtices of *Ireland*.

† The ducheſs of *Dorſet*.

Adieu

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble ſervants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was aſking you your catechiſm.

LETTER CCCII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, [Received April the 12th, 1732.]

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this ſpring, though you ſay nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I ſhould not think them ſo, if they were not as much your's. The downs of *Ameſbury* are ſo ſmooth, that neither horſe or man can hardly make a wrong ſtep, ſo that you may take your exerciſe with us with greater ſecurity. If you prevail with the ducheſs, to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wiſh you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General *Dormer*, Sir *Clement Cotterell*, and I, ſet out to-morrow

row morning for *Rouſham*, in *Oxfordſhire*, to ſtay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. *Ryves* his cauſe, if it ſhould come on before our return: the duke will do the ſame. Her grace too hath undertaken to anſwer your letter. I have not diſpoſed of your *South-Sea* bonds; there is a year's intereſt due at *Lady-day*. Were I to diſpoſe of them at preſent, I ſhould loſe a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myſelf to ſell them. The rogueries that have been diſcovered in ſome other companies, I believe, makes them all have leſs credit. I find myſelf diſpirited, for want of having ſome purſuit. Indolence and idleneſs are the moſt tireſome things in the world. I begin to find a diſlike to ſociety, I think I ought to try to break myſelf of it, but I cannot reſolve to ſet about it. I have left off almoſt all my great acquaintance, which ſaves me ſomething in chair-hire, though in that article the town is ſtill very expenſive. Thoſe who were your old acquaintance, are almoſt the only people I

viſit;

viſit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them beſt. Lord *Cornbury* refuſed the penſion that was offered him; he is choſen to repreſent the univerſity of *Oxford*, (in the room of Mr. *Bromley*) without oppoſition. I know him, and I think he deſerves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is ſo particular, that I know you will reſpect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. *Pope* is in town, and in good health. I lately paſſed a week with him, at *Twickenham*. I muſt leave the reſt to the ducheſs; for I muſt pack up my ſhirts, to ſet out to-morrow, the 14th of *March*, the day after I received your letter. If you would adviſe the ducheſs to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for, I cannot confine myſelf as I ought.

LETTER CCCIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, 13th May, 1732.

I AM ſorry my writing ſhould inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my ſtile, than my ink, that is ſo hard to be

read: however, if I do not forget myſelf, I will enlarge my hand to give you the leſs trouble. Their graces are at laſt arrived in perfect health, in ſpight of all their perils and dangers, though I muſt own, they were ſo long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and, if that would be any hinderance, they ſhall never have my conſent to go back to *Ireland*, but remain here, and be only king of *Knowle* and *Drayton* *; and I do not think it would be the worſe for him, either in perſon or pocket. I dare ſay, he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have ſpoke to him about; but however, I will not fail in the part you have ſet me.

I find you want a ſtrict account of me, how I paſs my time. But firſt, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for ſleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly preſent you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally ſpeaking, a conſtant attendant on it every day, yet I will moſt thank-

* *Knowle*, a fine old ſeat of the duke of *Dorſet*'s, near *Seven Oaks*, in *Kent*. *Drayton*, ſee letter CCXCV.

fully

fully ſubmit to your allowance of time; for when complaiſance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vaſt expence of my breath, in aſking, Who plays? Who's called? And, what's trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, ſuch as it was, ſo it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work, or had a book; but as neither ſort was the beſt, or moſt uſeful, ſo you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend *Biddy* † is much your humble ſervant, and could ſhe get rid of her cough, her ſpleen would do her and her friend no harm; for ſhe loves a ſly ſedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and ducheſs are juſt come in, who both preſent their ſervice to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will beſtow any of your time that you can ſpare upon ‡ lord *George*.

Adieu, for the ducheſs, the counteſs of *S*——, Mr. *Charden*, and I, are going to quadrille.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

‡ Lord *George Sackville* was at this time a ſtudent in the univerſity of *Dublin*.

LET-

LETTER CCCIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, London, May 19th, 1732.

TO-MORROW we ſet out for *Ameſbury*, where I propoſe to follow your advice, of employing myſelf about ſome work againſt next winter. You ſeemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Thoſe I am now writing, have a prefatory diſcourſe before each of them, by way of epiſtle, and the morals of them, moſt are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than thoſe I have already publiſhed. I have already finiſhed fifteen or ſixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the ſame ſize as the firſt. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very eaſy, I find it is the moſt difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finiſhed it, I deſpair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wiſh to write upon. I have alſo a ſort of ſcheme to raiſe my finances by doing ſomething for the ſtage: with this, and ſome reading, and a great

great deal of exerciſe, I propoſe to paſs my ſummer. I am ſorry it muſt be without you. Why can't you come and ſaunter about the downs a horſeback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to ſhoot for your dinner? Yeſterday I received your letter, and notwithſtanding your reproaches of lazineſs, I was four or five hours about buſineſs, and did not ſpend a ſhilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's intereſt on your two bonds, which is 8 *l.* I have four of my own. I have depoſited all of them in the hands of Mr. *Hoare*, to receive the half year's intereſt at *Michaelmas*. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal ſince I bought your's. I gave very near 6*l.* on each bond, and they are now ſold for about 50 *s.* Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public ſecurities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the *South-Sea* ſcheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to truſt our money there till that time. I did what I could to aſſiſt Mr. *Ryves*; and I am very glad that he hath found juſtice. Lord *Bathurſt* ſpoke for him, and was very zealous

on bringing on his cauſe. The dutcheſs intended to write in my laſt letter, but ſhe ſet out all on a ſudden, to take care of lord *Drumlanrig* *, who was taken ill of the ſmall-pox at *Wincheſter* ſchool. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think ſhe ought, as ſhe intends, to renew her correſpondence with you at *Ameſbury*. I was at *Dawley* on *Sunday*. Lady *Bolingbroke* continues in a very bad ſtate of health, but ſtill retains her ſpirits. You are always remembered there with great reſpect and friendſhip. Mrs. *Pope* is ſo worn out with old age, but without any diſtemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. *Pope*'s ſtate of health is much in the ſame way as when you left him. As for myſelf, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower ſpirits than uſual, which I impute to my having no one purſuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and dutcheſs, and lords *Bolingbroke*, *Bathurſt*, Sir *William Wyndham*, Mr. *Pulteney*, Dr. *Arbuthnott*,

* Her ſon.

Mr.

Mr. *Lewis*, &c. Every one of them is diſappointed in your not coming among us. I have not ſeen dean *Berkeley*, but have read his book †, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too ſpeculative, at leaſt for me. Dr. *Delaney* I have very ſeldom ſeen; he did not do me the honour to adviſe with me about any thing he hath publiſhed ‡. I like your thoughts upon this ſort of writing, and I ſhould have adviſed him, as you did, though I have loſt his good opinion. I write in very great haſte; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am ſtill in hopes to ſee you, and will expect a ſummons one day or other to come to *Briſtol*, in order to be your guide to *Ameſbury*.

† 'Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philoſopher. Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.'

‡ 'He publiſhed at London, in this year 1732, in 2 vol. 8vo, *Revelation examined with Candour: Or, a fair Inquiry into the Senſe and Uſe of the ſeveral Revelations expreſly declared, or ſufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible. By a profeſſed Friend to an honeſt Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries.*'

LETTER CCCV.

Lady CATHERINE JONES to Dr. SWIFT.

June 15th, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a ſlumber of gratitude, than the quick ſenſe of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have ſo willingly undertaken, in executing what I ſo much deſired; ſince the manner you have done it in, anſwers my wiſhes in every reſpect. The propoſal you made, I acquainted my ſiſter *Kildare*, and niece *Fanny Coningsby* with; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will conſent, which is, that they will ſettle twenty ſhillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the ſame occaſion.

I need not inform you, Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different ſpecies: and, though I have the honour to be allied to my lord *Burlington*, yet ſince the death of my

my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a ſeparated blood; or elſe, I am vain enough to ſay, we are ſprung from one anceſtor, whoſe aſhes keep up a greater luſtre than thoſe who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without ſaying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleaſure of ſeeing dean *Swift*, I do not know any paſſion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of ſeeing the author of ſo much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your moſt humble and obliged ſervant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. *French* is juſt, and his due.

LETTER CCCVI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July the 18th, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that *Pope*, a man ſcattered in the world (according to the *French* phraſe) will ſoon procure me an opportunity of conveying it ſafely to you, my reverend dean. For my

own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of ſtate, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our miniſters: it might paſs in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot againſt themſelves, if not againſt the ſtate, or, at leaſt, it might furniſh them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and diſappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleaſure to the malicious and the baſe, I ſhould be ſorry to give it on any occaſion, and eſpecially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* *.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in *Berkſhire*, a clergyman, one Mr. *Talbot*, related to the ſolicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of *Burfield* *, which the late biſhop of *Durham* held before, and, for 'aught I know, after he was biſhop of *Oxford*. The living is worth 400*l*. *per ann*. over and above a curate paid, as Mr. *Correy*, a

* 'Sir *Robert Walpole*, and his brother *Horace*.'
* 'A rectory in *Berkſhire*.'

gentleman who does my buſineſs in that country, and who is a very grave authority, aſſures me. The parſonage-houſe is extremely good, the place pleaſant, and the air excellent, the diſtance from *London* a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumſtance of ſome importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr. *Talbot* has many reaſons, which make him deſirous to ſettle in *Ireland* for the reſt of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments ſome time. As ſoon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the ſame mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinſman to make it practicable at court. He anſwered for his own acceptance, and his kinſman's endeavours. I employed next ſome friends to ſecure my lord *Dorſet*, who very frankly declared himſelf ready to ſerve you in any thing, and in this, if you deſired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the ſame time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but

in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more eaſy, more hard, I think, it cannot be; but, in all caſes, it requires other meaſures to be taken. One of theſe I believe muſt be, to prepare Dr. *Hoadly*, biſhop of *Saliſbury*, if that be poſſible, to prepare his brother the archbiſhop of *Dublin*. The light, in which the propoſition muſt be repreſented to him, and to our miniſters, (if it be made to them) is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themſelves, and ſilly in you to aſk. I ſuppoſe it will not be hard to perſuade them, that it is better for them you ſhould be a private pariſh prieſt in an *Engliſh* county, than a dean in the metropolis of *Ireland*, where they know, becauſe they have felt, your authority and influence. At leaſt, this topic is a plauſible one for thoſe who ſpeak to them, to inſiſt upon, and coming out of a whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be eaſily perſuaded, that quitting power for eaſe, and a greater for a leſs revenue, is a fooliſh bargain, which they ſhould by conſequence help you to make.

You

You ſee now the ſtate of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your ſide of the water: as to thoſe on this, nothing ſhall be neglected. Find ſome ſecure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man elſe upon earth has. Or rather, diſpoſe of affairs ſo as to come hither immediately. You intended to come ſome time ago. You ſpeak, in a letter *Pope* has juſt now received from you, as if you ſtill had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the ſummer, and the ſooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with ſtirrups, is trifling: get on pegaſus, beſtride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the *Revelations*. To be ſerious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires diſpatch and management. Though I have room, I will not ſay one word to you about *Berkeley*'s * or *Delany*'s books †. ſome part of the former is hard to be underſtood;

* ' *Alciphron: Or, the Minute Philoſopher.*'

† ' *Revelation examined with Candour.*'

derſtood; note of the latter is to be read. I propoſe, however, to reconcile you to metaphyſics, by ſhewing how they may be employed againſt metaphyſicians; and that whenever you do not underſtand them, nobody elſe does, no not thoſe who write them.

I know you are inquiſitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in ſome years. Come and ſee her; you ſhall be nurſed, fondled, and humoured. She deſires you to accept this aſſurance, with her humble ſervice. Your horſes ſhall be grazed in ſummer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man ſhall have meat, drink, and lodging. Waſhing I can't afford, Mr. dean, for I am grown ſaving. Thanks to your ſermon about frugality.

LETTER CCCVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Drayton, July the 19th, 1732.

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long ſilence, when I tell you, that Mrs. *Floyd*

Floyd ‡ came ill here, but that ſhe kept pretty much to herſelf; and ever ſince ſhe has been here, till within theſe two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may eaſily gueſs what I muſt have ſuffered for a ſo long tried, prudent, uſeful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, ſhe is now exceſſively weak, and mends but ſlowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wiſh. As I dare ſay, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illneſs, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fanſied herſelf in a conſumption a great while: but though ſhe has had the moſt dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors ſaid, it was not that; but none of them did ſay what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thouſand pounds, and now hates his buſineſs; he ſays, it is a ſharp humour that falls upon her nerves, ſometimes on her ſtomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions

‡ Mrs. *Biddy Floyd.*

millions of things ſhe has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I ſhould have followed your orders, and ride, for I have ſcarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, becauſe ſhe conſtrained herſelf to hide her illneſs from me.

The duke and ducheſs of *Dorſet* have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will ſoon. I don't know, whether you remember Mrs. *Crowther* and Mrs. *Acourt*: they and Mr. *Parſode* are my company; but as I love my houſe full, I expect more ſtill. My lady —— talks of making me a ſhort viſit. I have been ſo full of Mrs. *Floyd*, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am ſuch a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my ſiſter *Pen*'s age was, but I think, ſhe could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurſe uſed to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady ſtill, ſo will not allow myſelf to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but

but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wiſh I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

LETTER CCCVIII.

Mr. GAY and the Ducheſs of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, July 24th, 1732.

AS the circumſtances of our money affairs are altered, I think myſelf obliged to acquaint you with them as ſoon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter laſt poſt, I ſhould have done now. I left your two *South-Sea* bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the intereſt for us, when due; or, if you ſhould want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the *South-Sea* company have come to a reſolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the intereſt of the 50 *per cent.* to *Michaelmas* next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands at preſent, without any intereſt going on. As you ſeem to be inclined to have your money

money remitted to *Ireland*, I will not lay out the ſum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I ſhall ſee Mr. *Hoare* in this country very ſoon; for he hath an houſe not above ſix miles from us, and I intend to adviſe with him; though, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be ſold at preſent, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the ſubject. I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for intereſt, beſides your principal; and you will underſtand ſo much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, without any intereſt. So ſince I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, I will now ſay no more about it.

I ſhall finiſh the work I intended this ſummer; but I look upon the ſucceſs in every reſpect to be precarious. You judge very right of my preſent ſituation, that I cannot propoſe to ſucceed by favour; and I don't

I don't think, if I could flatter myſelf that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfaſhionable pretenſion.

I have almoſt done every thing I propoſed in the way of fables; but have not ſet the laſt hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much ſuch another volume as the laſt. I find it the moſt difficult taſk I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I ſhall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Laſt poſt I had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, who informs me, he hath heard from you; and that he is preparing ſome ſcattered things of your's and his for the preſs. I believe I ſhall not ſee him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a ſtock of health, to ſquander in the town. You ſee, in this reſpect, my ſcheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; ſo that in that point we ſhall agree very well in living together; and the

duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The duchess here takes up the rest of the line.

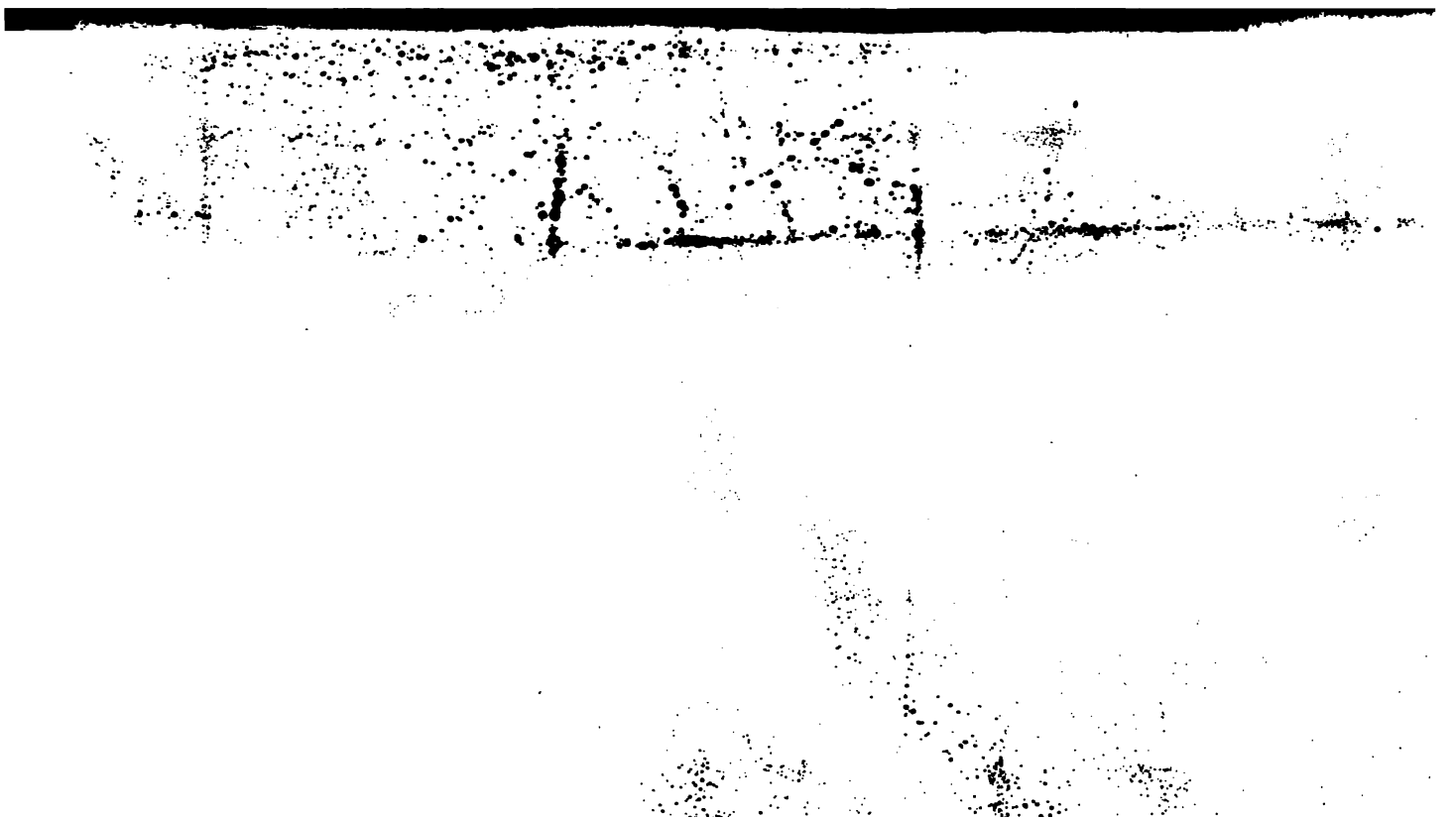
For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my *Tunbridge* acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in *London*, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr. *Gay*, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the

the firſt agrees mightily with our conſtitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for ſome body is never ſick, except he eats too much. He will not quarrel with you for a glaſs or ſo; for by that means he hopes to gulp down ſome of that forty millions of ſchemes that hindred him from being good company. I would fain ſee you here, there is ſo fair a chance that one of us muſt be pleaſed; perhaps both, you with an old acquintance, and I with a new one: it is ſo well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* muſt go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are ſettled, I deſire you would reſolve me one queſtion, whether a man, who thinks himſelf well where he is, ſhould look out for his houſe and ſervants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a perſon, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the ſleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, *&c.*

your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to uſe my intereſt with Sir *Robert* for a living in the *Iſle of Wight*, though nothing elſe could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, I ſhould forget my reſentments for ſake of the flock, who very much want a careful ſhepherd. Are we to have the honour of ſeeing you, or not? I have freſh hopes given me; but I dare not pleaſe myſelf too much with them, leſt I ſhould be again diſappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to ſerve Mrs. *Barber*, ſhe ſhould not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more ſucceſsful. She is juſt come in, and tells me you have ſprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next ſummer; but aſſure yourſelf the *Bath* is the only infallible cure for ſuch an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll ſhew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble ſervant,

F. WORSLEY.

END OF VOL. I.



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